THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 67. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 704 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 20

BOAST NOT.

BY J. C.

The Lark said: "Lo! the winter has gone by;
Buds will be bursting; I shall greet the spring;
The snow has vanished, and bright days are nigh;
I soar into the blue, my song to sing."
But ere he plumed his wings for happy flight,
Deep snow came down, and veiled the fields in white.

The floweret said: "In this warm, sheltered nook,
My blossom I will spread before the sun,
And he will smile on me with gladsome look."
But the dear floweret, ere the day was done,
Shrivelled before the north wind's frosty breath,
Trembled, and closed her bright-blue eyes in death.

The Maiden said: "My true love is away;
But soon his ship will come across the foam,
And life will then be lovely, bright and gay,
And blessed days will gladden our fair home."
But as she dreamt her happy dreams and smiled,
His barque went down at midnight dark and wild.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN that moment of supreme agony, of bitter disappointment, as the life he had risked his own to save passed out of his grasp, sinking beneath the touch of his hand and the sight of his eyes, Harold felt nothing of his own danger. Neither at the time, in his passionate eager longing to hold and save him, had any thought touched him of the infinite importance to himself of Captain Armstrong's life.

Now, as the huge herded waves gathered about him and folded him round, bounding his horizon from one pastureless height of liquid greenness to another, he awoke to the sense of his own peril, and to the remembrance of all that Captain Armstrong's death meant for him. He was not sorry that, at the passionate moment when he was burning and battling to save him, he had forgotten it; but all the stronger now was the rush of memory that flooded his mind with bitterness.

It was well for him that he had a life-belt on, for in his overwhelming sense of failure and disappointment, he had for a second or two forgotten that his energies and presence of mind were needful to be used to their utmost powers if he wished to save his own life.

In plunging deeply down into the sea, as he had done after the sinking man, he had of course relinquished his hold of the wrecked boat, which had drifted fast away. Now he found himself in the same strong current that had carried this to the path of the "Curlew", and he felt himself borne along by a resistless force from which there was no escape.

Could Michael overtake and rescue him? This question seemed to be in the air, on the waves, and in his heart, burning away his strength. He could see the derelict boat ahead of him, sometimes as a mere streak far away, sometimes as a black wall deceiving the eye by its apparent nearness.

The "Curlew" seemed miles away, at a hopeless, unapproachable distance; her boat, though he knew it near, was nowhere visible within his tossing and heaving horizon.

Born and bred on the wild West Coast of Ireland, he had practiced swimming from a boy, and had often shown himself as much at home upon the sea as on the land; hence he had the courage and confidence of long custom, and the fearlessness of skill and strength. Yet now he felt these failing him in this swift current, where apparently all his skill availed nothing. So he ceased his efforts, which were only useless and exhausting, and floated onwards, gradually losing thoughts of life as he drifted to the edge of that darkness that borders death.

* * * * * *

"Aise your oaar, and back water for life, or the boat will go over 'un!"

The voice was close at his fainting ear, and he looked up with dazed eyes, and saw an oar held out in Michael's strong hand; and in an instant he had clutched it, and life, with all its fulness, rushed through his veins again.

Another moment, and with a strong pull Michael had got him into the boat and laid him down softly in the stern, with head leaning against Josiah's knees.

"I bet you feel whizzy and slaipy like," said that youth, looking down on him with immense satisfaction. "You've keeped on rolling and tumbling like a porpis out for a holiday, till Michael and me most broke our hearts rowing arter 'ee. I reckon you waen't forget this swim for a long spell."

"Hould your tongue, you young buffle-head," said Michael, "and let the wind blow a little breath into Mr. Olver! He cain't spaik yet."

"How long have I been in the sea?" Harold asked. "Is it hours since Captain Armstrong sank?"

"Don't you trouble about 'un," Michael returned. "Nothing will vex 'un never more. He was born to be drowned; ef not, you would have saaved 'un—that's sartain. Here's a drop of raal French brandy. Lucky I had et on my pocket! There—that'll do 'ee good."

This was true, and Harold felt that he was himself again after a good pull at the flask.

"Your head won't feel quite so whirly now, I reckon," said Josiah, with great solicitude.

"Well, it still feels rather as if I had a swarm of bees in it," returned Harold, beginning to recover; "and I shall be thankful to get dry. It's a long pull, Michael, yet to the 'Curlew'."

"Never you mind—we shall be aboord directly; and I'm not going to give you an oaar," said Michael. "Just you hould 'un tight, Josiah, or he'll be jumping into the sea again arter something or other."

Josiah, doing as he was bid, clutched Harold's arm with one hand.

"Lor', jimmeny, you be as could as a dead conger!" he said pitifully. "I shall look arter 'ee a bit now, since I've saaved the life in 'ee by thic there belt."

"Well, Josiah, I believe that's about true, and I'm greateful; but you needn't hold me as if I were a slippery live fish instead of a half dead one."

"Have 'ee swallowed much saa?" asked Josiah.

"No; I'm too good a swimmer for that; but I could not struggle out of the current—I got a little exhausted in trying."

"And you thoft you was hours there; but 'twas aunly minutes. We maade the boat fly, I can tell 'ee; and 'tes well the saa have dropped, or we shouldn't have picked 'ee up so quick."

It was joy to be on board the "Curlew" again, and to feel her stout deck beneath their feet, and in the warmth and comfort of food and fire forget the evil dream of danger and death through which they had passed.

But it had cost a hard struggle on the part of all hands before this was done—first to get the boat close to the ship, and next to haul her to her old place on deck—and Daniel waited till this was done before he grasped Harold's hand and welcomed him back to life.

"I thought 'twas a poor job, when I seed you floating along like a bit of wreck," he said. "I gived 'ee up for a minute or two, and I couldn't do nothing; neither could the 'Swift'."

"Have you spoken to the 'Swift'?" cried Harold eagerly.

"Iss sure; and I'm afeard it's a whisht story they'll take home about you, for they reckoned sure you'd be drowned."

"But they won't say that at Langarth, Daniel, surely?"

"Well, they'll say it, to be sure; but the young lady wain't be tould—never fear that!"

Harold drew a breath of relief; it would be consoling one day to let Estrild know that he had done his best, but not now, in the midst of her sorrows, did he wish any terror to come near her on his account.

"It was strange I never saw the 'Swift'," he said. "In fact, I saw nothing but the wave coming and the wave going, and that horrible boat ahead like a black dream. And had the 'Swift' no news to give you of the 'Alert'?"

"None; we gave her the news, and they took it home with them. There'll be whisht talk to-night at Langarth."

"And they had seen no boat belonging to the 'Alert'?"

"Aw, my dear, how should they, when they put miles and miles of say between themselves and thic craft? They didn't want to see her—that's sartain."

"But a boat, Daniel—mightn't they have seen a boat creeping into some port?"

"Lord 'a' mussy," said Daniel, "boats be running too much on your mind, Mr. Olver! In such weather as the 'Alert' met she wouldn't lower a boat, 'cept, maybe, to send a king ashore. I've heard say kings can't be drowned." Then he laid his brown hand kindly on Harold's shoulder. "See here, Mr. Olver—Captain Armstrong was a brave man; I'll give 'un his due, though he was risky in his way of sailing, and he wouldn't lower no boats to thraw away lives. When his ship was on the reef, he maybe tried to saave lives thic way, but he——"

"But long before then, Daniel, to save one life, he may have risked others."

Daniel looked at him with that sort of pity that a man has for a sudden craze in another, and then shook his head decisively.

"There's times when a boat is worth fifty lives; and in sich foul weather as poured down from the sky yesterday and last night, Captain Armstrong wouldn't thraw away his boat ef he would his men. The 'Alert' caught the storm hours afore we did; she was right in the path of the ogly thing; and——"

"Yes, I know, Daniel; she had six hours' start of us, and the question in my mind is, where did she go in that time?"

"Come in the cabin 'long with me, and I'll show 'ee the chart and every inch of the track she sailed on."

Harold went, and saw, and was not convinced. In his mind there lurked still, in spite of all reason, the latent certainty that Captain Armstrong would have run any strange and abnormal risk to save the man who had taken Tristram's life.

It was in vain that Daniel, by arguments as to facts well known to sailors, proved the impossibility of any boat living and reaching the shore during the tempest that had beset the "Alert" from the hour she left Langarth.

"Well, she herself might have put into some port," persisted Harold.

"Wouldn't she have stopped there ef she had?" asked Daniel. "Nobody but a pattick would hoist sails to be blowed to rags outside a harbor ef they wes safe inside of waun."

"But Captain Armstrong was just such a pattick or simpleton; you have owned he was a rash man. And the long and short of it is, Daniel, that we must go back on the track of the 'Alert', and I must visit every port she has passed, into which she might have run."

Daniel whistled, and then stopped, remembering that it was unlucky to whistle at sea, as he might raise the wind again.

"Of course, Daniel," continued Harold, as he noted the old sailor's hesitation, "I shall make amends to you for lengthening my trip."

"No, no, Mr. Olver—I baan't like that at all; for, simming to me, a man that would taake money for keeping to a bargain as no man at all. You hired the 'Curlew' for a week—well, for this time you're capen of her, and taake her where you will, and I'm pilot. Now, then, ef you will, we'll make for Morlaix; that's the first port on our way back."

"All right, Daniel—Morlaix let it be."

Daniel walked forward at once to give orders, saying as he went:

"Aw, no, my dear, I hope I'm different to that, to taake more money for sticking to a bargain! Aw, no; foul weather or fair, no money for that."

Harold felt as though a load were lifted from his heart as the little ship tacked and turned to the west. His desire to hunt Tristram's assassin down was growing on him like a fever, and every step he took in the race made his veins bound with angry pleasure.

"There is no danger now, Daniel, in taking this course, is there?" he asked.

"Danger?" repeated Daniel. "Why, the wind is chopping round from a lion to a lamb; and I'm going to turn in for a good spell of slaip; and Michael taakes the helm."

With a nod his tanned, weather-beaten face disappeared within the cabin, and, left alone, Harold paced the deck, full of many thoughts.

It was marvelous to note how the trouble of the sea had subsided into calm, and how the swift green waves grew lower and lower, as though the "Curlew" in gliding over them smoothed them with her breast as they smiled back with the shadow of her white wings.

With the cessation of the storm the wind had changed to the south, and there was a softness in the air like the touch of flowers. But the sky was heavy with clouds, while fold upon fold descended upon the sea, covering it with a white garment, fleecy, impalpable, and yet so insidiously strong that sky, sea, and air were blended into one by the sweep of its fall.

"This is thick weather, sir," observed Michael, as Harold passed near the binnacle.

His voice sounded curiously far away, though it was close by; and, before he answered, Harold stopped to wonder a little at it.

"The fog seems to make one deaf, Michael as well as blind."

"Aw, iss; 'tis like a blanket round one's head; it stifles sight and hearing," said Michael, in a tone of disgust. "'Tis a French sea; and the fog is French ogliness, I reckon."

Mindful that Michael had charge of the helm, Harold moved away so as not to be drawn into talk; and once more his mind rushed back to Langarth, and to all it held of dear and precious and sorrowful.

The inquest, the funeral, would be over before his return, and Estrild, uncomforted save by her cousin, would have to bear all this alone. His presence would have upheld her and consoled her, yet he felt impelled to go on. He could not return and give her the history of his voyage as a failure; it would be too cruel.

An hour went by and he still paced the deck, his mind a prey to thought, while the "Curlew" sped onwards like a blind bird

through her soft and fleecy path. The fog stood on her right hand and on her left, a white wall towering from sea to sky.

Suddenly, as they sailed thus quietly on, Daniel emerged from the companion-way with wild scared looks; and, rushing forward, he thrust Michael violently aside, and, seizing the helm, dipped it with all his force.

Down went the "Curlew" into the waves; but the little ship rose gallantly again, and, obeying her helm, turned sharply, with raised prow, to starboard.

Instantly on the larboard side a huge black wall loomed out from the midst of the white mist, and towered above the "Curlew" portentous and dreadful. It was a tall East Indiaman, a giant for strength and size, her masts lost in the high fog, her hull a black monster ready to crush and devour.

She sailed slowly by, so close that the wash and spray of her path sprinkled the white faces of the men on the deck of the "Curlew," who gazed out on her in pale amazement.

From their high vantage-ground, a group on her quarter-deck looked down on the little "Curlew," and a strong voice cried out—

"A near shave! Another moment and we should have cut you down!"

This was not said without a few oaths, which the fashion of that time thought good, and the fashion of this time leaves off as bad.

Harold did not hear Daniel's reply; his nerves, he feared, were shaken, or he was suffering from some strange hallucination, for in the midst of the white mist he fancied he saw Estrild's face.

In another second he perceived that the face that had given him the singular impression of being hers was that of a slight lad who stood a little apart from the group on the quarter-deck.

As the figures in this group became more visible to his somewhat scared sight, the likeness on this young face to Estrild's vanished; but it bore a pale wistful look which still reminded him of her, and he glanced pitifully at the lad, deeming him in ill-health.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE dreadful danger of a collision was over, the great ship had passed, but, by aid of his trumpet, the officer on deck was still exchanging words with the "Curlew."

"How did you weather the storm?" Daniel had asked.

"We ran into Brest," was the answer. "What news from England?"

"None. But we saw an English ship go down off the Ile de Bas."

"What name? Do you know?"

"Yes. The 'Alert'—Captain Armstrong. All hands lost!" There was no audible reply; but a signal was run up, dimly visible in the mist.

"What do 'em want now?" said Daniel testily, as he peered at the little flag through his glass. "Aw, they be lowering a boat! Slacken sail!" he cried in angry humor.

It was done, and the little "Curlew" lay to sullenly, her sails limp, and the mist hanging about her shrouds.

Very soon the measured beat of oars travelled through the thick white air, and looming through its ghostly vapor appeared a boat, like a picture on a dream-sea, with six oars falling in the water in one sweep, and a young officer in the stern holding the snowy tiller-ropes. He halt rose and lifted his gold-lace cap.

"We are sorry to hear of the loss of the "Alert." Can you tell us if Captain Armstrong is saved?"

"He is drowned; we saw him sink!"

And then rapidly Daniel told the story of his death, and Harold's effort to rescue him.

The young officer as he listened looked at Harold, and raised his cap again.

"His friends will thank you, sir," he said.

"Mind you," observed Daniel, "Captain Armstrong stood by his ship until he was washed overboard. How he hailed in with the boat arter the "Alert" went down I can't tell 'ee."

"There is no need to tell me that a British officer did his duty," said the young mate in answer. "There's a brave man gone, and brave men with him; and their lives lost for a set of vile smugglers!"

The strong word in this speech brought a flash to Daniel's eyes.

"Have 'ee got anything more to say?" he asked. "Ef so, my son, you may so well say it civil."

"Oh, certainly," returned the other. "If you are going back to England at once, will you kindly take charge of these letters and post them?"

"I'm pilot. There's the capen; ask him!" said Daniel.

Harold at this stepped forward.

"It will be some days before we reach an English port," he said; "but I will gladly charge myself with the letters and post them at the first opportunity."

"Oh, am sure we are much obliged; and our captain is sorry to have stopped you and delayed you in this way; but you see he did not like to lose the chance of sending letters. Here they are!"

The packet was tied around with twine and handed up with some difficulty. Harold took it and placed it in his pocket.

"I am glad to do you this little service," he said. "What is the name of your large ship?"

"The "Atalanta," bound for Calcutta with troops. You see," continued the young man, with a wistful tone in his voice, "it's a pretty long voyage out, and it's such a chance to send letters home, you know."

"Don't apologize. Good-bye, and a fair voyage to you!"

"The same to you!"

Caps were raised, oars dipped in the water, and the boat was gone like a dream, as it had come. The mist opened for it, closed on it, and hid it so swiftly that, but for the sullen thud of the oars, it might have been deemed to have sunk beneath the colorless sea.

Afar in the whiteness the great ship floated, a dim strange vision—a spectre ship, with ghosts upon her spars standing in the clouds, wrapped in white garments of mist, and hollow voices wafted from out her stillness like thinnest echoes rising from graves.

Harold watch the ship fade away into the deeps of the glimmering white darkness, with a curious quiver of coldness upon all his flesh, and a sense of loss, as though a bird had been in his hand which had flown away, carrying some message with him which he ought to have gathered from beneath his wings.

He recovered from the strange feeling with a start, and knew he ought to speak to Daniel and thank him for their lives. But for him the "Atalanta," with one blow, would have struck them all down to death.

He came to the binnacle just in time to hear Michael say—

"Well, Daniel, I reckon I may ax 'ee now why you knocked me down?"

"I didn't mean to do that, my son—I only wanted the helm. It's well you easied me on deck."

"I never easied 'ee on deck!" said Michael, astonished.

Daniel looked grave.

"Well, soas [friends], then I'll tell 'ee what happened," he said. "You do knaw I wes dead weary, and I slaiped sound, but I dreamed that I wes out of my bunk and hustling with a rush of waater. Then, simming to me, I woke, and heerd a voice caaling, 'Dannel, come on deck!' With that I thrawed myself out of my berth and rushed upon deck. Then I seed the greate oogly black thing looming out of the fog, and I said to myself, 'Tis sink or save!' and I thrawed Michael aside and dipped the helm."

"'Twas sink or saave, sure 'nough," said Michael, in an awed tone. "And you rasly dreamed that, Dannel, and heerd thic voice?"

"'Tis true as I am here this minute, stanning up alive, 'stead of lying down there dead?" said the old man pointing with his left hand to the sunless waves.

"Then you be a man to dream dreams and see visions," returned Michael. "And I b'lieve now you seed thic ghost. Afore I thought 'twas a stram."

Harold listened, pondering the subtleties of that inner sense that some men possess, which gives them warnings or tokens of danger, and speaks in secret ways not understood by those of coarser fibre, whose nerves can never thrill with the mystic touch.

"Under Providence your dream saved our lives, Daniel," he said, as he grasped the old man's hand in a hearty shake. "I wish a dream would come to me," he added, with a laugh. "I have the queerest feeling about that ship."

"And well you may, sir; she was nigh 'pon sinking us."

"No, it's not that;" and, feeling he could not explain the dim chaos of thought within him, he turned away.

That evening the "Curlew" anchored off Morlaix.

The next morning the earth seemed to have broken out into blossom against the sun, and the sky was as the vast cup of a blue flower, and the little ripples that ran round the ship were all alive and adame with sunshine.

Harold landed, and searched and questioned, and wearied, and searched again, and could hear no tidings of the "Alert" or of English boats or Englishmen rowing ashore.

Josiah went with him, and stared and wondered at the Bretons, their full nether garments, their many buttons and gorgeous sashes.

He looked up at the shops over which was written—"*Butun Mad*"—words which in Breton mean "Good tobacco."

"Button mad!" said Josiah. "Yes, that's just what they be, and too lazy to hould their pipes 'cept with their teeth, for their hands be always in their pockets."

The "Curlew" sailed away from Morlaix that night and the history of the day was a blank.

Again and again this happened, as, sailing from port to port, Harold wearied and questioned, and, heart-sick at failure, yet questioned again, and could not learn anything.

It became a certainty to him at last that no boat had crept away from the "Alert" to land and save the guilty man who had slain Estrild's brother.

So he had gone down with the doomed ship, and the mystery of Tristram's death was unsolved, and unsolvable now forever. With this sad result for all his labor and risk of life, he reached Langarth with a heavy heart, after an absence of ten whole days.

He stopped not a moment to have speech with any one, but landed in the little bay he had compared to Jaffa, and hurried up the narrow, rugged cliff-walk with every vein tingling with expectant love.

One touch of a soft hand, one kiss from sweet, clinging lips, and he and sorrow would be far apart, and he should be repaid for those nights of weariness and danger.

Yet how chill and desolate the house looked as he approached it! The day was bright, yet there was not a window open. In the little balcony by Estrild's sitting-room, at which he looked longingly, there was a dead flower and a bird-cage. It was empty. His heart fell. Was it possible she could be ill?

He had come close to the old oak door unnoticed, unseen, and now he rang softly, with careful, but trembling hand.

A moment or two of anxious waiting, and Prior's face, pinched and pale, met his anxious gaze.

"Oh, Mr. Olver, I've whisht news for you! They are gone! Mr. Vicat has taken Miss Estrild away to London. There's only Miss Glendorgal here; she waited to see you."

CHAPTER XIX.

PLEASANCE GLENDORGAL came forward and grasped Harold's hand in silence. The pale hue of suffering on her face, and the quiver of her lip, told plainly that in the sorrow that had fallen on Langarth she had borne a full and perchance silent share; in her thoughts it was perhaps the most bitter pang of all that she had no right openly to grieve.

As she relinquished Harold's hand he flung himself into a chair and began to question her with an almost angry eagerness.

"Why is Estrild gone? Why did you let her go? I hoped you would protect her against this tyranny. I could not—I would not have believed it possible that, after sending me on such a quest, she would leave Langarth without hearing from my own lips the result of my hard search."

"In leaving Langarth she was not a free agent," said Pleasance sadly—"you must know that, Mr. Olver."

"I cannot say that I know it," returned Harold, in a bitter tone; "for I know Estrild is not without courage—not without spirit; therefore, she could have resisted Mr. Vicat's will. She could have remained here—she ought to have remained till my return?" he added quite passionately.

"I think she feared the pain of seeing you again, since it would only have been to say that she and you are parted now forever."

Harold gazed at her for a moment in blank amazement; then he smiled incredulously.

"Is that Mr. Vicat's decree? I think he will find himself mistaken. Estrild will never say such words to me of her own free will, and I care nothing for what her relatives say. I shall carry her off in spite of them all."

"I am glad you feel like that," Pleasance said, "for you will have need of all your faith and courage; because it is not Mr. Vicat you will have chiefly to fear; it is Estrild's own terror and gloom which will separate you, unless you can hold your love in spite of the estrangement which she will assuredly deem it her duty to plant between you and herself."

The young man's face fell. In these words he recognized the fulfillment of the dark presentiment that had chilled his heart when he saw Captain Armstrong sink into the waves beneath his outstretched hand.

"I fear you are right," he said sorrowfully. "I knew something of this before I went on this fruitless voyage. Estrild told me of her superstitious terrors before we parted; but I could not believe she was in earnest. I did not think she would desert me from a motive so utterly unreasonable. I cannot believe it now—I feel I should be mad to believe it."

"I am not surprised to hear you say that"—and Pleasance flushed a little as she spoke—"but I have seen and known what a Carbonellis can do under the influence of the gloom and fear that have now become hereditary. It needs a little Carbonellis blood in the veins to understand a Carbonellis and to love still," she added, as the flush on her cheeks died away, leaving her very pale.

"What can I do?" said Harold, pressing his hand on his forehead. "How can I knock down all this ancient pile of prejudice and gloom? I cannot talk of it to Estrild as I do to you, because, you see, poor Tristram, who fostered her superstious fancies, was her brother."

Pleasance winced, yet bravely answered: "You can do nothing for the present. The shock, the grief Estrild has suffered, are too recent to allow of her listening to reason; be constant—that is the sole thing you can do."

"I am not afraid for my own constancy; it is Estrild's that I fear will be shaken. Influences will be brought to bear upon her of which I shall know nothing."

"But none of those will move her," returned Pleasance. "Mr. Vicat's power, in my opinion, is a mere thread in strength, which she would break in a moment for your sake; the danger of estrangement between you lies solely in her own temperament; and, unfortunately, her very love for you becomes through this the means to that end."

"You are a Job's comforter, Miss Glendorgal," said Harold, with anger in his voice. "I am not going to believe that Estrild will play into Mr. Vicat's hands in that weak way. If she loves me, she will stand by me."

Pleasance looked at him sorrowfully; in her experience she had known a Carbonellis love, and leave his love, even for that love's sake. And now, like the shadow of her own sad past, she felt the darkness that was about to fall upon Harold's future years, and her heart was touched with grief for him.

"What you think and feel is natural and sensible," she said; "but you must remember that you have not to deal only with common sense and nature. In the Carbonellis blood there is a sensitiveness to things beyond our ken—things which appear to us mere shadows, but which to them are real and terrible."

"I am aware of it," said Harold, in the tone of a man who hated the subject. "To fling down Estrild's delusion, I went on a wild adventure which has failed. I have nothing to tell her when we meet, and she she will not thank me for having risked my life; apparently this has counted for so little that she has gone away without caring to see me—without leaving for me a word of kindness."

Pleasance saw that the leaven of bitterness was already working in him, and she hastened to speak.

"No, no," she cried; "you are mistaken! Estrild left many words of love for you; she spoke them with tears—her heart was full of you. A thousand tender thoughts of you rose to her lips continually; when speaking of you she seemed at times to forget her sorrow."

"With me she would forget it altogether! Can you not see, Miss Glendorgal, that a happy life, filled with love and duty, is the only safeguard for Estrild against these morbid delusions that now prey upon her mind?"

"I see it all, and I see also the difficulties you will have to encounter. You know you can always count on my help," she added.

He took her extended hand gratefully, but a shadow of pained thought still rested on his face. In very truth he felt the difficulties of his position more keenly than he cared to acknowledge; his narrow means and Estrild's wealth, and Mr. Vicat's power and enmity were all tangible obsta-

close stretching like a wall between him and his love.

Besides there stood that shadowy barrier, strongest of all, which Estrild had built up in her superstition, and which already had parted them, though his attempt to break it down had nearly cost him his life.

"What was the verdict at the inquest?" he asked abruptly. "You have not told me yet."

"I feared to vex you; it was the very one that Estrild dreaded. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death."

"There was no evidence to that effect!" cried Harold hotly.

"Pardon me—the only evidence offered pointed to that alone. I grant it was but hearsay; the men who were with you in the boat when—when you brought Tristram away, repeated the statement made by the officer on the "Alert." You will remember he spoke distinctly of an accident."

"I remember it," said Harold gloomily.

"And, the 'Alert' and her whole crew being lost, no other witnesses were forthcoming," resumed Pleasance; "so necessarily the verdict was rather vague. The jury found that Mr. Carbonellis met his death by a gunshot wound, the result of an accident on board the 'Alert;' but how it occurred or by whose hand the shot was fired there was no evidence to show."

"Of course the superstitious jurymen rejoiced in their verdict," said Harold in contemptuous anger. "They were glad to add another cloud to the Carbonellis gloom. Oh, I can understand all the wild talk of a credulous people, and how it has added to Estrild's distress and terror."

"I confess it has done her harm; in her mind the verdict adds weight to her fear, and makes it reasonable; it is impossible to argue against the conclusion she draws from it or against the proofs and facts she brings forward to justify her beliefs."

"Oh, if I could only have saved one life—one witness from that accursed ship!" cried Harold, clenching his hand in his passionate pain. "Miss Glendorgal, I will live yet to prove that Tristram Carbonellis was wickedly and wilfully slain, and his death was no accident."

"Do not say that," said Pleasance in a trembling voice. "Who could mean him harm? He was a man greatly beloved."

Then, to Harold's surprise, she gave way suddenly, and, bending forward with face buried in her hands, she burst into tears.

A light fell upon him instantly, and he saw now what an effort it had cost her all through their interview to hold herself calm and yet talk of Tristram. For an instant he let his eyes rest pitifully on her bowed head; then he rose and silently left the room.

"So her life too is ruined," he said to himself bitterly. "And this is what a Carbonellis can do and deem it right! A lovely and loving woman left to wither into a wreck—and for what? A fantasy, a phantom with no reality in it, except the suffering it brings. I shall grapple with the thing and kill it."

He said this as he went slowly in search of Prior, conscious at the same time of a cloud of images rising in his own brain antagonistic to this resolve, and to his reasonable belief in its possibility.

Tristram's dead face and Captain Armstrong's sad eyes, for that one dread minute as they met his before the wave covered them, seemed to float before his vision in silent protest.

Unknowing, in this phase of thought, whither his steps led him, he found himself in the library, and started to see before him the portrait of the Crusader, with the dark, pale face and passionless eyes of the stranger who had crossed the ferry with him, and ridden in advance of the coach on the night, now seemingly so far in the past, of his journey to Langarth.

"The likeness between them is at least no dream, and the man was real enough; there is no mistaking flesh and blood for a ghost," he said half aloud. "But it is queer, and there is more in it than I can understand, but not more than I will fathom and find out," he added quite aloud, as he saw Prior standing near him.

"I wish you would, sir," said the old man earnestly. "The family have been troubled long enough. 'Tis time such things should cease, and that man's spirit rest."

Harold was in no mood for laughter, yet a short and somewhat bitter laugh might have broken from his lips but for the lines of grief on the old man's face, which told him how ill-timed it would appear to old Prior.

His master—the last heir of an ancient family—was dead, his young mistress was an exile, her house shut up in gloom; and he was left here in solitude to brood over the strange events that had stricken from it at one blow light, love, life.

No; truly Harold could not laugh at Prior's beliefs, for they were inextricably mingled with his sorrow and with the grief lying heavy at his own heart.

"I suppose now this sort of notion that the family is haunted—or hunted down to death—has been going on a long while?" he said.

"Oh, for hundreds of years, sir—ever since the first Carbonellis was found dead in the wood yonder, with a tree that had been left half felled, lying right across his chest!"

"But that was evidently a simple accident, Prior."

"But he called the woodman away," returned Prior, pointing to the picture; "and the dog that had been watching his master, flew at it when it was shown to him."

"That's a very doubtful story," Harold said, stooping to examine the painting; "for this portrait is certainly not more than two hundred years old, whereas the first Carbonellis—as you call him—must have lived in the time of the Crusades, if he was brother to this man!"

"I can't count back like that, sir," Prior rejoined, with a puzzled air; "but I've heard say the first picture of this poor wronged man was in a panel somewheres in the old part of the house which was torn down, and, afore it fell to pieces, the Carbonellis who lived then had it copied by a rare painter in London. There's a piece of the old panel at the back of the picture yet, sir."

Harold turned it around to the light on hearing this, and, on brushing away a thick coating of dust, he perceived that two pieces of oak panelling, blackened by age, were let into the back of the picture. On one, amid the smearings and markings of time, there gradually grew visible a face more haggard and worn than that on the canvas, and yet the same.

As Harold gazed on it he was fain to acknowledge to himself that this worn and marred visage brought to his mind even more vividly than the other the pale set face of the strange man whose mad ride to Langarth had apparently made him a messenger of doom.

"I cannot deny the likeness," he said with a half-sigh, as he drew back a little, the better to gaze at the dim and blurred portrait. "And now in this light I see a shadowy resemblance of Tristram himself. Yes, this is undoubtedly a Carbonellis."

"We all know that, sir."

"I mean," resumed Harold, carrying on his thought, "that likenesses descend in families. Is there no other branch of the same name——"

"Not one, sir," interposed Prior eagerly. "It would be a whisht story for Miss Estrild if there was, for then she would lose Langarth."

"How?" asked Harold.

"Because, sir, they could only be descendants of the Crusader, and he was the elder brother."

Harold set this remark aside in his mind to be thought over and inquired about at some future, happier time, when he and Estrild should be together. Meanwhile he scrutinized the picture again.

"What is this on the other longer bit of old panelling, Prior?"

"That's the Crusader's hand—the hand that brings death to Langarth—so the folks hereabouts say," rejoined Prior unwillingly. "'Tis mere talk, sir—not worth telling about," he added, as he lifted the heavy painting to replace it against the wall.

"Stop a moment," interposed Harold. "There is a hand certainly holding a scroll, and there are some words written on it. I want to decipher them."

"You'll never do that, sir," said Prior uneasily. "No one will till the right day comes. Times out of mind, I have heard say, learned men have come to Langarth at its master's bidding, and none could ever read what is writ there."

With pocket-book and pencil in hand, Harold knelt on one knee, endeavoring to copy the irregular half-defaced characters on the panel, while Prior, with evident unwillingness, held the picture upright.

Pleasance entered while they were thus engaged, and stood for a moment silently near them. She was perfectly composed and calm, and her sweet voice had no tremor in it when she spoke at last.

"The characters are Arabic," she said.

"So I am just discovering," said Harold; but I can make nothing of them."

"I was certain of that," observed Prior. "And 'tis a heavy piece of work to hold up, sir."

"Stay, one instant longer! There is a word or two I can read and copy."

He scratched them in his pocket-book and then rose from his knee and showed the page to Pleasance.

"You see the word I have made out is 'Cumberland'. It seems to have no bearing either upon Palestine or Cornwall; nevertheless it may be a help to me one day, and then perhaps I shall make out the whole."

"I hope you'll never do that, sir, if it would ruin the one you love best!" Prior said, as he hurriedly set the portrait in its old place against the wall. "I wonder the Squire Carbonellis who had this painted ever saved they ghastly bits of wood from the prison-picture?"

"The prison-picture?" repeated Harold.

"It was so called," answered Pleasance, "because, as the story goes, it was copied from one painted on the wall of his prison by the Crusader, who on his unexpected return was seized by his brother and held in prison till his death."

"How did he get his paints?" Harold queried, with all the scorn of common sense.

"Oh, we must not question these old legends too closely! But it is said that he brought his pigments from the East, and was allowed to use them. It is added that they were so firm in color and so strong that the wall of the dungeon had to be torn down in order to destroy the picture; it always worked through every wash laid over it. At last, at the dawn of better times, when the then master of Langarth had the dismal cell destroyed, a travelling priest, from Italy, copied the prison-picture on an oak panel; that, in its turn, fell a prey to time, except the fragments you have examined, which, perhaps, were preserved to prove the authenticity of the likeness, and also, maybe, because the painter could not copy the characters you have endeavored to decipher. You perceive that in the painting of the seventeenth century the scroll is left out."

"Ah, the Carbonellises of that day were afraid of what it tells," said Prior; "so they wouldn't have it put in the new picture."

"The London painter declined to tackle Arabic, I expect," said Harold. "Nevertheless I wish he had been as learned as the priest; I might have red the cabalistic message then."

"It is supposed to contain a threat and prophecy of the doom that awaited the wrongful holders of Langarth. Tristram had a doggrel verse which is said to be a free translation of the words. Perhaps Estrild may know it."

"I do not think I will ask her," returned Harold. Then as he and Pleasance quitted the room together, he added, "I can scarcely imagine how, on the foundation of a mere legend, such a wild, mad belief in fatality has been built up, to the injury and saddening of so many human lives."

"It is strange," said Pleasance; "and not more strange than true."

"What—do you believe in the imprisoned Crusader and his curse, his prison-picture, and all the rest of it?" asked Harold, with some impatience.

"I believe that tradition ever has a germ of truth in it," said Pleasance. "And I know the Carbonellises die by fatal accidents; and strip this fact as you will of all that is mystical, the dark rider remains a mystery still."

"I see you have Carbonellis blood in you," said Harold, not thinking his words were cruel.

"Yes; and so has Estrild. You must try to remember it in all your dealings with her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHE WANTED TIME.—The wife of a celebrated divine has such a fancy for Angora cats that she has a room devoted to them, leading out of which a gallery is built, so the animals can have exercise and fresh air without wandering away. An old college friend met the doctor in the street lately, and not having seen each other for some years, the meeting was most pleasant. At last he asked, "George, what are you doing now?"

"Well," said he, "I am married, am pastor of a fine church, and get a good salary."

"And your wife?"

"Oh, she is in the cat raising business."

In addition to the cat craze, a monkey was added to the household menagerie, and all went pleasantly until one day, as the doctor stepped into his bath, the monkey jumped in with him. There was a brief struggle, and then, with wrath in his eye, holding the monkey by the neck, marched into the presence of his good lady, saying:

"Madam, this business has gone too far; you must decide between the monkey and me!"

She looked placidly up from a cat she was petting, saying, "Will you give me twenty-four hour to decide, dear?"

The monkey is still one of the household

Bric-a-Brac.

TREE-PLANTING.—There is a curious law in vogue in Switzerland which compels every newly-married couple to plant trees shortly after the marriage ceremony. The trees ordered to be planted on wedding-days are the pine and weeping-willow, but on birthdays the suggestive birch tree is selected.

EARLY HOURS IN VIENNA.—There is a peculiarity which Vienna shares in common with all Austrian towns. At ten o'clock the streets are deserted. Scarcely will you meet a solitary soul. The law authorizes the porter or "concierge" to levy a tax of ten kreutzers, called the "Sperrgeld," on any person leaving or entering the house after that hour. Thus this "Sperrgeld" obliges you, when you are invited to a party, to pay ten kreutzers on leaving your home or entering it after that hour at night.

MANNA.—What the manna was which fell in the wilderness has often been disputed, and still is disputable. It was sufficient for the Jewish rabbins to have found in the Bible that the taste of it was "as a wafer made with honey," to have raised their fancy to its pitch. They declare it was "like oil to children, honey to old men, and cakes to middle age." It had every kind of taste except that of cucumbers, melons, garlic, and onions, and leeks, for these were those Egyptian roots the Israelites so much regretted to have lost. This manna had, however, the quality to accomodate itself to the palate of those who did not murmur in the wilderness, and to these it became fish, flesh or fowl.

NEVER KISS.—The Navigator Island people, of the Pacific Ocean, never kiss, they simply rub noses. And should a young man wish to marry a girl he, if he has a servant, sends him to the girl, stating that his master likes her and would like to marry her. If she is willing to marry him she sends back word, naming an early evening when she will meet him. This meeting usually takes place in the bush back of the girl's home. It is their trysting place, and here everything is arranged. Perhaps the next day, or very soon thereafter, they disappear. They may be gone four or six weeks in the bush before anybody has the least inkling of their whereabouts. Then they as suddenly reappear, and are formally married by one of the chiefs or missionaries, and all their friends join in giving them a big dinner of pork. Then they are substantially married.

THE OSTRICH.—The legend of the ostrich says, that its race had once been beautiful, its wings broad and strong. Then one evening the largest forest birds said to it, "Brother, shall we fly to-morrow, God willing, to the river, and drink?" And the ostrich answered, "Yes, I will." At dawn they flew away, first up towards the sun, higher and higher, the ostrich far before the others. It flew on, in its pride, up towards the light; it relied upon its own strength, and not upon the Giver of that strength; it did not say, "God willing." Then the avenging angel drew aside the veil from the streaming flames, and in that moment the bird's wings were burnt, and he sank in wretchedness to the earth. Neither he nor his species were ever afterwards able to raise themselves up in the air. They fly timidly—hurry along in a narrow space; they are a warning to mankind in all our thoughts and all our enterprises to say, "God willing."

HERRAYTER.—A Spanish Jesuit published at Salamanca a volume in folio, 1652, entitled "Empyreologia." He dwells with great complaisency upon the joys of the celestial abode; there always will be music in heaven with material instruments as our ears are already accustomed to; otherwise, he thinks the celestial music would not be music for us. But another writer is more particular in his accounts. He positively assures us that we shall experience a supreme pleasure in kissing and embracing the bodies of the blessed; they will bathe in the presence of each other, and for this purpose there are most agreeable baths in which we shall swim like fish; that we shall all warble as sweetly as larks and nightingales; that the angels will dress themselves in female habits, their hair curled; wearing petticoats and fardingales, and with the finest linen; that men and women will amuse themselves in masquerades, feasts and balls. Women will sing more agreeably than men to exalt these entertainments, and at the resurrection will have more luxuriant tresses, ornamented with ribbons and head-dresses as in this life.

AWAKENED.

BY MARIE CONNOR.

You touched the harp of my life, and the music is echoing still,
Swift to your summons electric answered the tensionless strings,
Swift leapt each trembling chord at the power of your magic will,
Swift soared each glad vibration on Love's untiring wings.

And the melodies linger yet in the fevered and stormy air,
I hear them, clear as of old, through the rush and whirl of the days,
I hear—and my pulses thrill with a voiceless, yearning prayer,
And the stream of my thoughts flows back down the old sweet haunted ways.

Deep in my soul's hidden mirrors your features reflected shine;
Flooding the darkness around with their glorious living light,
Centre and source of delight, whence shoot through these veins of mine,
Rays that like lava burn like heaven are infinite.

By that touch, by that waking murmur, you have changed the world for me,
Bathed all its manifold beauties in one bright, living glow,
Blended all earthly sounds in one vast harmony,
Through which love's wordless pæans in tremulous minors flow.

The ring of your laughter lingers in the night-wind's fitful sighs,
The spell of your presence hovers by the moonbeam's silver bars;
Between me and the starlight I see your eyes arise
Resplendent in the azure, like nearer, tenderer stars.

Will it be so for ever? When this joyous heart is cold,
When I pass to that Elysium that no mortal feet have trod,
Shall I still look back in longing, still by your will controlled?
Will you in that mystic dawning stand between my soul and God?

TANGLED THREADS

BY L. GALBRAITH.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

I HAVE barely completed my toilette before Boggett comes to tell me the brougham is at the door. Aunt Dorothy declined the offer of Captain Fearon's car, as being too rapid a mode of progression for an unprotected maiden, and I go downstairs racking my brains for a means of disposing of my precious letter.

If only I can make an excuse for stopping somewhere, I might send it by a messenger.

"It is only just half-past three," I say as I look at the clock. "I shall get there much too soon. Aunt Dorothy, cannot I drive as far as Bond Street and change the songs those stupid people have sent in the wrong key?"

For once in her life, my aunt agrees to my suggestion, so to Bond Street I go, and on the way have plenty of time to work out the difficult problem.

A solution comes at last. A brilliant idea strikes me. Why should not I leave it myself?

So, when I have concluded my business with Messrs. Colwin, I take heart of grace and give the order for 490, Piccadilly. I think the man looks a little surprised, but I am too much excited now to care about that or anything else.

Every nerve in my system is thrilling when the carriage stops opposite to the house.

I spring out, and, casting a hasty glance at the first-story windows, I catch sight of a pair of broad shoulders, a sleek head turned meditatively on one side, and the corner of a picture or photograph which he is evidently studying intently.

The vision just deprives me of the little sense I have left. Between sleepless nights and wretched days, my nerves are "all anyhow."

Having knocked, the door flies open with a precipitancy that frightens me, and, instead of presenting the note which has cost me so much trouble already, I awkwardly inquire if Major James is at home.

"Beg pardon, whom did you say?" asks the woman who answers the door.

"Major James," I repeat more distinctly.

"Walk in, please, miss. Williams"—to a boy in buttons, who stands in the hall—"lady for Major James; ask if he's been in this afternoon."

Williams disappears upstairs and returns almost instantly.

"This way, if you please. Not at home to any one else, Mrs. Brough."

I follow the boy up the staircase, and see him throw open a door. I have a vision of dark walls, a fern-shaded balcony, rich coverings and dainty knick-knacks, all making a background to the figure which comes forward to meet me with outstretched hand, and, I feel keenly, a very perturbed expression on his handsome face.

"Good afternoon," he says in a most casual tone of greeting; then as the door closes upon us, in a totally different voice, "Great Heavens, child, what has brought you here?"

It is the coup de grace to my self-control, this reception—it is so different from what I have pictured, waited and longed for. I can bear no more.

"You are not glad to see me!" I falter.

Then the room seems to turn round, I feebly put up my hands to my face and begin to cry.

Instantly he is himself again. He puts me into a cushioned chair, brings me a glass of water, kneels on the rug beside me, talks, argues, and soothes me into calmness again.

"My poor little girl," he says, when I have regained my composure, "I did not mean to distress you. Your nerves have gone to pieces, child. The strain is too much for your strength. Why, you do not look like the same girl I left four days ago. This sort of thing must not go on any longer. What have they been doing to you?"

I tell him all—how wretched I am, how nervous about to-morrow evening, how hateful is the whole prospect of the marriage.

"I have tried to be brave," I say piteously; "but indeed I cannot bear it. Oh, won't you help me? Cannot you do something for me? You said you would always be my friend, and I thought, if I could only see you, everything would come right. I had tried so hard to get here, and then, when I came, you were angry!"

My voice shakes again, and the sentence terminates in a little sob.

"Not angry, Dolly," he responds; "you could not think I meant to be angry with you. It is only, dear, that—of course, you did not know it—but it is not exactly the thing for girls to come to fellows' rooms without a chaperon. Do not cry, little woman; as it happens, it does not matter a bit; only I was vexed for the minute, and rather afraid something serious might have happened."

"Then you are glad to see me, after all?" I inquire plaintively.

"So glad that you cannot half imagine what I feel. I have not any words to say how I have missed you all this time."

"I did not mean to come in!" I manage to say; there is still a choking sensation in my throat. "I meant to leave a note. But, after I saw you at the window, I—I don't know—I could not think of what I wanted to say, and I asked for you instead."

"Lucky thing I was in," he remarks almost to himself; "it was a near shave."

"Shave of what?" I ask.

But he does not answer. Turning to the writing-table between the windows, he begins to collect the loose envelopes and papers lying about, and thrusts them into a drawer. Then he rings the bell.

"Tea, Williams. Now you are here, little one, we will make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances permit."

I am sufficiently recovered now to look round and wonder at the taste and luxury of his bachelor quarters.

The oak-framed chimney-glass is handsomely carved, and all the little shelves round it are stored with china.

There are a few good water-colors, chiefly sporting subjects, on the walls, and photographs of pretty celebrities; the small tapestry-covered table is heaped with papers and magazines; there is a violin and some music on the big square couch; a pink-shaded lamp on the piano, and a handful of roses in a vase on the writing-table.

"What are you looking for?" I ask, as he pauses to glance inquiringly over the table again.

"Oh, nothing! Only a photo I wanted to show you."

He takes up the music and flings it into a corner.

"Here comes tea; will you pour it out? I hate to see a man meddling with the tea-pot when there is a lady in the way."

Williams draws up a little china-topped table between us, and I pour out tea, and admire the quaint old-fashioned porcelain cups.

"How lovely all your things are!" I remark. "No one would think you lived here all by yourself. I always fancied men's rooms were like a dining-room, all oak and leather and pipe-racks and things."

"Oh, I have pipe-racks and things! Why should a fellow be uncomfortable because he is not lucky enough to have a wife? I should say it was a reason for having additional luxuries. But all these things do not belong to me; the man who owns this set of chambers has gone abroad, and I have taken them off his hands for the summer. I like a comfortable room."

"This is like a drawing-room," I laugh. "And what a pretty tea-service; and your little tea-spoons have monogrammed handles too! Why is the 'F' so much the larger letter, as though Frederic was the surname?"

"Is it?" he says, taking up one to examine it. "I suppose it is the fault of the fellow who made the design."

Then he begins to talk about something else, and gradually we fall back upon the one subject uppermost in our thoughts.

"Little one," he says at last, "I do not think you ought to go through with this marriage if you are so set against it. I will make a bargain with you. Try to go to sleep to-night and get some rest, if you can; and, if the day after to-morrow you are still of the same way of thinking, you shall tell me so, and I will take the matter into my own hands."

"What do you mean?" I ask wonderingly. "What can you do?"

"I shall come up to Cromlin Place at twelve o'clock on Thursday morning. I shall interview aunt Dorothy, and tell her that you are a free agent, and shall be married against your will to no man."

"But," I gasp, "she will not let you see me. You have no right to interfere, I am afraid."

"I have the right of every man over the woman he loves," he answers. "Dolly, I cannot stand this any longer. You had better see these people to-morrow night, I suppose, and then, with your permission, I will put in my oar. Is it a bargain?"

I look up at him with adoring eyes. I daresay he thinks me a perfect little idiot, but I cannot help that.

All my fears and doubts have vanished like mists before the sun.

He says I am saved, and my faith in him is sufficient to remove all the obstacles my mind has conjured up.

With tears in my eyes and smiles on my lips, I give him both hands, and answer, "Yes" from the very depths of my heart.

Then I remember that I have been here a long time, and must be off; so I say I must go, and he does not try to detain me.

"Keep up your heart about to-morrow," he counsels, as he puts me into the brougham. "It may not be so bad as you anticipate. I know you will get on well with Nel—Mrs. Charteris. She is the dearest woman in the whole world, and as good as gold."

I do not think I shall like Mrs. Charteris quite so much as I expected. Not that I am the least bit jealous—I have the greatest contempt for jealousy—but I do not think a man ought to talk in that enthusiastic way of a married woman, and I am quite sure he has no business to call her by her christian name. I go off just a tiny bit piqued; but the feeling melts away under the influence of my hostess's charming smile.

She is a tall, fair woman, looking much younger than the six-and-thirty years to which she unhesitatingly owns, with violet eyes, and bright brown hair heaped in coils and masses of plaits round her shapely head.

She welcomes me so kindly, and puts me at my ease so quickly, that I feel ashamed of my passing ill-humor.

Hardly a word does she say about her brother, confining her chatter to general topics and reminiscences of Crumpley celebrities and the old servants, amongst whom her childhood and nearly all my life had been passed.

"Fancy your being buried alive in that dreadful hole all these years!" she says pityingly. "I am sure your aunt deserves great credit for turning you out so well, and great condemnation for not letting us know you sooner. I did ask you to stay with us when we were in England three years ago; but Miss Tempest refused so decidedly that I concluded I had mistaken your age, and that you must be quite a little girl."

"I am not much more now," I reply.

Then we both laugh, and in the laugh there is something so familiar that I get quite puzzled.

I look at Mrs. Charteris as she sits in the glowing sunlight with a queer conviction that I have seen her somewhere before.

"Do you know," I say slowly, "I feel sure this is not the first time I have seen you? You remind me so much of some one, but I cannot think who it is."

"Do I?" she returns, with an amused indifference. "Well, it is not unlikely. You may have passed me in the park, you know."

CHAPTER VI.

THE all-important Wednesday has come at last; the day which is to decide my fate. For, in my own mind, I am quite certain that I shall claim the "liberty of the subject" by refusing to marry Captain Fearon, merely because my father's will directs me to do so.

Oddly enough, now that I feel deliverance near, now that I count on to-morrow's breaking the fetters against which I have rebelled so long, I begin to be rather uncomfortable.

I was first conscious of it yesterday, when Mrs. Charteris kissed me at parting, saying so kindly that "We must be real sisters, for she was sure I should make Jim a dear little wife, and all the family would give me a hearty welcome."

I had no words with which to respond to her pretty congratulatory speeches. I felt so despicably mean, to be receiving her kindness on the strength of my connection with her brother at the very time when I was counting the hours till the said connection could be brought to an end.

The whole thing is such a sham and pretence. I wonder why "he" wishes me to go through with it. Surely it would be less painful for us all to stop at once, before I have been publicly presented to the relatives as Captain Fearon's fiancée.

My head aches with trying to find reasonable motives; excitement has taken all the color out of my cheeks, and it is a very pale, large-eyed little girl who gazes into the glass, when aunt Dorothy, unusually considerate of my weary looks, sends me to lie down in my own room for a couple of hours, before the great task of dressing begins.

I put on a tea-gown and throw myself down upon the couch, worn out in mind and body; but there is no rest for me. I toss about, wondering how the tangled threads of my love affair are ever to be untwisted and woven into the smooth strands of married life.

By-and-by Boggett brings me some tea, and, after retiring, comes back in a few minutes with one of those square white boxes which I have learnt during the last few days to connect in my mind with Captain Fearon's "delicate attentions."

"Put it down," I say languidly; "and, Boggett, run a fresh string in that white skirt. It is the only one that will hang well under my new dress."

Having invented an excuse for getting rid of her, I lock myself in for protection, and begin to unpack my flowers for want of anything else to do.

The first thing that strikes me is that the "attention" to-day is wired and made-up.

It is, in truth, a most perfect spray—long enough to cover one entire side of my square-cut bodice—of my favorite creamy roses, and nestling among them, almost hidden by the long fronds of maidenhair, are two or three clusters of pale-blue forget-me-nots.

The customary card is not visible; but, lying under the flowers, lie a folded scrap of paper.

I open it, and read, not "Captain Fearon's kindest regards," but, in the straggling writing I know and love, "Wear these to-night. F. J."

I hope I may be forgiven if I am very deceitful in falling in with aunt Dorothy's commendations of my fiance's taste in the selection of my flowers.

She does not inquire if any card accompanied them, and I suppress that precious bit of paper.

I wonder if any other girl has gone to be "sort of betrothed" to one man with another's flowers on her bosom, and his love-token hidden discreetly away in the front of her dress?

I was dreadfully puzzled at first as to what to do with my mutilated shilling. My frock being low, to wear it at my throat was impossible, and I was determined not to take it off, so I settled the question at last by tucking it into the laces and folds of my bodice.

Aunt Dorothy comes to inspect me when my toilette is complete, and fastens my mother's pearls round my throat with as much solemnity as though she were investing me with the Order of the Garter.

Then she produces a small red-morocco case.

"My dear," she says, "I think this a suitable occasion for wearing the pledge of your engagement. I have preserved it for many years. You are now old enough to know its value, and take care of it accordingly."

The box contains the magnificent diamond ring which Sir George had placed on my finger eight years ago.

"Oh, no," I declare, putting my hands behind me; "I cannot wear that to-night! Please, please, do not try to make me. I have never put it on all these years, surely I may wait till after to-morrow."

But my entreaties fall upon deaf ears. Aunt Dorothy is as obstinate on the point as only aunt Dorothy can be; and, feeling that any further argument will reduce me to the verge of hysterics, I surrender at discretion, and put on the badge of voluntary bondage.

Oh, the agony of that drive, the wretched nervousness that makes me shiver till I can hardly stand when we alight at the brilliantly-lighted entrance of 172, Grosvenor Place! The miserable conviction dawns that all eyes are turned on me as I follow aunt Dorothy into the large drawing-room, in which some twenty people are already assembled.

"Don't look so frightened, dear," Mrs. Charteris whispers, squeezing my hand reassuringly; "I must first introduce you to my husband and Lady Fearon, and then you shall go and talk to Mrs. D'Almayne. Jim is awfully late, but I suppose we shall not have to wait for him much longer."

Colonel Charteris, a tall, good-natured-looking man, bronzed with years of foreign service, and Sir George, who is something like Jim's photograph, but vastly better-looking than his younger brother, shake hands with me cordially.

Then I am allowed to fall into obscurity behind aunt Dorothy's chair, where I find a loving welcome waiting me from my sweet old godmother.

I have not the courage to look round the room, so, keeping my eyes modestly downcast, I study the ornaments on the little table beside me.

There are books and flowers and one or two photograph-frames; and from the centre one, calmly looking out at me from between the miniature red satin curtains, I see the portrait of Major James.

At first it is like meeting an old friend; the next minute I begin to feel a little sick.

He would not give me his photograph when I asked for it at Enstoff, and here I find one stuck out in a place of honor in Mrs. Charteris's drawing-room.

I know of course that he is a great friend of hers, but——

There falls upon the room a little silence, there is a slight stir outside as of a new arrival.

"Our recreants at last!" exclaims Mrs. Charteris. "I wonder what excuse they mean to offer for such abominable behavior!"

Then the door is thrown open, and the butler announces, in what seems to me stentorian tones—

"Major James and Captain Fearon!"

It is well the little buzz of greeting drowns my involuntary cry of dismay.

I look up now; there he is, looking handsomer than ever in evening dress. I think he looks rather pale and tired too, and I see him give a quick, nervous glance round the room.

Is it in quest of me? I notice that the man who precedes him is shorter and darker; good-looking enough, no doubt, but not to be compared with my lover.

Then I realize that the stranger must be Jim, and all my courage fails me. I drop my eyes and wait in a positive agony of suspense for what will follow.

Aunt Dorothy has risen and rustles forward; Mrs. D'Almayne gently slips in front of me. I hear Mrs. Charteris sweep across the room, and I know by instinct

that she is bringing some one over towards me.

"Dolly," she says, "here is Jim come to beg plenary absolution. I think he has behaved abominably, and, in your place, I am not sure that I should forgive him at all. Only you positively must refrain from immediate vengeance, because we are all ravenous, and I am going to send you in to dinner at once."

She turns away, carrying Mrs. D'Almayne off with her, and we stand facing each other.

"Dolly," he says, "you will forgive me? I wanted to be quite sure that you were marrying me for love, not merely out of obedience."

And then I begin to realize that I have been duped and deceived all the time, and that my Major James is not Major James at all, but my fiance Jim Fearon! At first I cannot find any words.

If I speak, I shall certainly cry, so I keep silent, while Jim is so comically penitent that I cannot find it in my heart to be as angry as I wish to appear.

"You must go in to dinner with me, you know," he says persuasively, "so you may as well make it a peace instead of an armed neutrality. It has been partly your own fault, Dolly. No man living would have had the courage to admit his identity after the slating you gave your absentee lover in the reading-room at Eastoff. Upon my word, I think I took a very moderate revenge for being told to my face that I had a fearful temper and was as ugly as sin ——"

"Don't, please, don't," I entreat; then dinner is announced, and we all file off to the dining-room.

"Who is Major James?" I inquire, when the first shock of surprise is over, and I have satisfied Jim's anxious doubts as to my powers of forgiveness.

"Freddy is my cousin, and one of the best fellows going. He was down at Eastoff with me for a couple of days, and, when I found it necessary to change my name, I borrowed his, as being the most convenient way out of the difficulty."

"Then you are not a major at all?"

"No, only a captain. Do you mind very much? I'm so sorry. I don't know why promotion comes so slowly. But if you write to the Horse Guards to-morrow, no doubt they will have the mistake rectified at once."

"Why did you not tell me sooner?" I say reproachfully. "I think it was very cruel of you, when you know I was so unhappy!"

"I gave you my reasons once before," he answers gently; and then, with the comical twinkle beginning to reassert itself, "I wanted awfully to tell you yesterday, but I daren't."

"And I have been so miserable all day."

"Poor little girl; it has been hard on you! I hoped the roses would cheer you up a little bit. I went right down to Covent Garden before I could find anything I thought good enough."

Just then Mrs. Charteris give the signal for moving, and we stream away to the drawing-room, Jim holding open the door and giving me the most divine little smile as I pass through.

Upstairs I receive general congratulations.

Lady Fearon calls me "Dear child," and asks me where my frocks are made. Mrs. D'Almayne gives me a gentle kiss, and whispers that she knew I should be happy in the end.

"Did you know that Major James was Jim all the time?" I ask reproachfully.

She laughs and shakes her head.

"I was only accessory after the fact, my dear, and you must not blame me. I never could resist a request from any one who had known dear Charles, and appreciated his works."

Mrs. Charteris whisks me off to the conservatory under pretence of exhibiting a new and priceless orchid, which in the end I never see.

"Have you made it all right with Jim?" she inquires. "I have been so anxious all day, and my poor boy was horribly nervous when he came in. I intended you two to have your explanation quietly out before the general crowd assembled, but the fates willed otherwise, it seems, since you were so late and Jim and Fred were stopped by an odious block in one of the streets. Perhaps, after all, it was better that you should be obliged to keep up. If you had been tete-a-tete you might have cried, and then your eyes would have been spoiled for the entire evening."

"I am sure I should," I rejoin; "I very nearly did cry, as it was."

"What a mercy you managed to refrain! I should have been so angry. Everybody admires you immensely. George raved all through dinner about your eyes and hair; and I am quite jealous of Colonel Charteris already."

"You are so kind," I say, stroking her firm white hand; "I am ashamed to think how frightened I was about—about coming here."

"Oh, I have no doubt you looked upon us all as ogres! Never mind, you will learn to know us better in time. Now I must go back to those people, and—ah, here is somebody coming in search of you! Now you can have it out with him undisturbed."

So we "have it out," amidst the roses and hydrangeas, and go over again and again every little incident of that happy month at Eastoff. I tell Jim how I fought against wearing his ring this evening.

"I shall take it off as soon as I go home," I say; "I am so afraid of losing some of the stones."

"They can be put in again, can't they?" he inquires innocently. "All the same, I want you to have a ring that you need never take off till I change it for the plain gold one I mean to get before long. More of this sort of thing"—and he takes out a broad gold band with an interlaced "J" and "D" in blue enamel. "There is something inside," he observes, as I delightedly examine it. Within is engraved, in tiny characters, "Till death us do part."

"I like a legend on engagement and wedding rings," Jim remarks, as he slips on my new possession. "When it comes to the other, I mean to have on it—Forever."

Then a little silence falls upon us. We are so very deeply happy.

"By-the-bye, Dolly, what sort of an answer am I to have to-morrow morning?" he asks presently, with that irrepressible twinkle in his eyes. "Am I to use my powers to get you out of this hateful engagement?"

"You have done it already," I reply, with a very April smile. "Jim, don't tease me, and don't laugh if I ask you one question. I do want to know who is the best rider and the dearest woman you ever saw. I am not at all jealous, but——"

"You encroaching people!" cries Mrs. Charteris from the doorway. "I give you the opportunity of ten minutes' private conversation, and you have the effrontery to stay here more than half an hour. You are 'on view' this evening, and must keep these confidences for a more fitting occasion."

"Nell," Jim breaks out, in spite of my imploring looks, "Dolly is already disturbed by the pangs of jealousy. She wants to know whom I consider the 'best rider and the dearest woman in the world.' Can you help her to the right conclusion?"

"I can tell her you are an old goose," she responds, stooping down to kiss him, "and always professed an insane admiration for your ancient sister. Dolly will come in for all that now, and I shall be left to Fred's tender mercies for 'flattering tales.'"

"Then you won't do badly!" Jim declares, while I chime in, "There will be another person to admire you now, Mrs. Charteris. Even if I did not love you for your own sake as much as I do, I could not help admiring you immensely, because you are so very like Jim."

"You dear child," she cries enthusiastically, "you shall love as much as ever you like, if you will only desist from calling me 'Mrs. Charteris'! I am to be 'Nell' to you as I am to Jim. And now we really must go back to the drawing-room."

* * * * * *

The days pass all too quickly. I am petted and spoiled by everybody, especially by Jim.

He says he cannot do enough to make up for the misery I endured that fortnight preceding the announcement of our engagement.

To me it seems he has made it up a thousand times. The very shadow of those painful days has faded away, and left me nothing but unalloyed happiness.

We are married early in December, on one of those bright days with which we are sometimes favored in early winter.

Aunt Dorothy is awfully scandalized by our wedding, and I believe has serious doubts as to its being strictly legal, since I have dispensed with the traditional white satin and veil; it is so cold and uncomfortable-looking in winter-time.

Mrs. Charteris gives a lovely dance to the wedding-guests, and there is to be another grand ball soon, when the whole family will assemble at Crumpley Manor for a real old-fashioned Christmas. We are coming back from Florence on purpose for it.

And now I have finished my story. I have nothing more to tell; for, in spite of all its twisting and tangling, the threads of my life have tied themselves up into a genuine Love-knot.

[THE END.]

Jack and Jill.

BY H. D.

TWO figures were standing in the bay-window of a country drawing-room; a glorious summer's sunset was gilding the topmost branches of the trees in the old garden with its last rays, and the chimes in the village church-tower rang out eight o'clock.

Their sound broke a long silence which had reigned in the room, and the young man, fixing his eyes on his girl companion, spoke hurriedly.

"I did not know it was so late! I must be off, or I shall miss my train to town, and my regiment at Portsmouth, and all my chances of getting on in the world. But, by Heaven, I'll do even that, if you will only say to me 'Stay!'"

"But I don't say stay, Jack; I say go. Go, and God bless you!"

There was a deep tenderness in her low voice which any man might have been proud to hear, but, because she would not grant him his wish, young Marriott found her harsh and cruel.

"And what's the good of that, if you yourself won't bless me, Jill? What else in the world do I care for but you——"

"Then go and do your duty, and prove yourself worthy of me!"

"But if you will not promise me that you will be mine?" he asked sadly.

And Jill went on to answer him in her sweetest, firmest way.

"I have told you, Jack, that, though I will not promise now to be your wife, I will promise it to you in three years, or sooner, if you come home; and, till then, you and I are both of us to be free. I know my own heart well enough, and I daresay you think you know yours, but how can you tell with whom you may fall in love while you are away? You are only one-and-twenty now, and I am almost the only girl you have ever known. How can you tell what the world may have to teach you and show you?"

"Oh, my darling! No one else in it can ever be the same to me that you are!"

"Well, then, if you think so after three years, I will be your proud wife. Surely, if we are in earnest, we can be true to each other without any formal promise to bind us! And, if we cannot, then it will be ten times better for us never to have been engaged. Now, good-bye, Jack," she added, after a pause. "As you say, if you stay longer, you will really be too late. Good-bye."

"You are so calm and quiet. Oh, Jill, if you cared as much as I do!"

And he seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

She was very calm, certainly; but for all that, when in another moment he was gone and there was no one to see her emotion, she threw herself on the sofa, murmuring between her deep sobs:

"Oh! my darling, my darling! And he thinks it is because I do not love him enough. Am I right to treat him so? Is it wise?"

Was she right? Was it wise? At any rate she had sent him away from her.

And as he left her that summer's evening, a bright, splendid, perfect knight, whom any fair lady might well be proud of, she never saw him again.

And yet it was because he was so splendid that she had refused his pleadings. Jack was the only child of the squire of the parish, General Marriott; and Jane Armstrong, once named Jill by Jack, and afterward universally called so, was the eldest daughter of the Rector.

The Rectory garden was bounded on two sides by the woods around the Hall, and, from their childhood, Jack and Jill had been accustomed to play together during the holidays like brother and sister.

When she was seventeen and he nineteen, he passed with credit into the Engineers, and went up to Chatham to study, and when he came back from his first term there, the old relationship between the two was at an end a change in it being unavoidable.

Jill was shy and Jack officiously polite; wearing his best clothes when he was likely to meet her, bringing her flowers from his father's conservatory and grapes from his vinery; and, in fact, making hot love to her, which state of things continued until the occurrence of the scene described above.

General Marriott saw it all plainly enough, but being fond of Jill, he was well pleased at the prospect of having her for his future daughter-in-law.

It was Jill, only Jill, who saw any hazard in the engagement, although it seemed to her that her whole happiness depended upon it.

It was for that very reason she wished to win, not the rash, impetuous, boyish love Jack could give her at present, but the love of his future manhood, of life.

She was so well aware of all the advantages he possessed; his social position, which would introduce him into the best society; his physical beauty, his winning grace, his ready wit, which would ensure him friends and admirers wheresoever he might be; was it likely that he would always remain true to the everyday girl with no special gifts?

Yes, it was likely, Jill thought thankfully, because she knew something of his character; but it was not certain, for he was untried.

Let him be tried; and then, if he proved faithful, he should be rewarded by a love as deep as the fathomless sea, as strong as the elements themselves, and faithful unto death!

Little did Jack know, as he left the Rectory gates, that such a gift was his already, whether he ever came back worthy to claim it or not.

And so two years passed away while Jack was in India.

They did not write to each other except on birthdays and special occasions, because Jill had forbidden correspondence as likely to make him feel less free.

From General Marriott, she heard of him every other week, and he seemed to be well and popular and happy.

Of a young curate, who came to the parish, and after doing his utmost to win Jill's love, left the place in anger and despair, it is needless to write here: his pride was, after all, more wounded by the utter coldness of her manner than his heart smitten by it.

At the end of two years, the old General, who had been a long while a widower, died; and Jill learnt no more now of Jack's welfare, for the Hall was entirely closed. At that time, too, the second Afghan war broke out, and his regiment was sent to the front.

Those were anxious days for her, when she daily waited at the Rectory gate to meet the old postman who brought the morning paper, and with trembling hands would open it to see if any battle had been fought and what names were amongst the killed or wounded or sick.

At last, one evening her brother came back from a neighboring town with news of the defeat of Maiwand: he knew no particulars, and Jill had to wait till the next day in sickening anxiety. She spent the night sleeplessly, but not tearfully; for if her darling died a soldier's death, why she, a soldier's sweetheart, must be brave too—if only she could be sure she was his sweetheart still! Surely the war was a special occasion which would have warranted his writing to her. Yet never a line from him had come.

The next morning, when the postman put the paper in her hand, she leaned against an old chestnut tree in the garden and opened it and read—first the names of those killed in battle. Thank God, thank God, his was not amongst them! Then, the seriously wounded. Ah! there it was, one of the very first: Lieutenant John Marriott of the Royal Engineers!

He was suffering agonies in some camp hospital: perhaps dying, or perhaps dead! Oh! why had she not gone out at the beginning of war, with other ladies, as a nurse? Then she might have been with him now, to win him back to life again with her care and tenderness, or to comfort him until the end.

Wish as vain as it was earnest! for she was in her far away English home, and must hurry into the schoolroom to superintend the lessons of her young sister: and into the garden to see about having the Autumn fruits picked for jam-making; and to a dozen other small duties, which make up the sum total of a woman's daily life.

Two days afterwards, there came great comfort for her in an Indian letter from Jack, written some weeks before the Maiwand disaster, and brimful of good spirits and hope; and these words were at the end of it: "If I get through this campaign all right and come home again safe and sound, will my time of probation be over then? Tell me, my darling, for indeed, indeed, I am getting weary of it?"

Aye, the time of probation was over, but would he ever know it?

After that, Jill heard nothing of him for over six months, and although she had not seen any mention of his death in the papers, hope, growing less and less, had almost left.

In spite of her good courage, it was with a white face and a weary step that she went about her duties; she, who was wont to be so cheerful in the days gone by, that she had been called by the family, "Sunshine."

She had now a strange fancy for sitting, towards sunset, alone in the bay window, where she had last parted from her lover; and one evening: it was a Sunday: having excused herself from going with the rest to church on the plea of fatigue, she lay there in a rocking-chair, dreaming sweet day-dreams of that bright, manly young face which had looked so entreatingly into hers, and seeming to hear again his reproachful cry, "Ah, Jill, if you cared as much as I do!"

But it was no ghost who flung his arm round her neck, and repeated again and again: "My darling! My Jill! my treasure!"

"Oh! Jack, Jack; I thought you would never come!"

"So did I," he said, solemly. "But look at me, my dear one: I am not the same. I——"

Then she saw that the right sleeve of his coat was hanging empty at his side.

"No, Jack, you are not the same," she said, catching up her breath, "for you are mine now, whatever is in store for either of us. Only forgive me for not having trusted you sooner."

"Yet that was well, my love: because you see if we had been promised to each other, and I had come back to you like this, why you would have felt obliged to have me, and—perhaps—perhaps——"

"I should never have been so worthless as that, I hope; but doing without you has taught me to value you now, and if the lines have been hard——" She was crying on his poor wounded shoulder.

"Please God, the hard lines are over for us both: for me they are at any rate," he whispered, looking down at her fondly and proudly, "for the angels are not all in heaven yet."

A DOG STORY.—Begging money for charitable objects, and then using it for one's own purposes, is a particularly mean form of swindling. Heretofore it has been supposed to be exclusively a human invention; but two French professors witnessed a scene at Inverness, in the Scottish Highlands, during their vacation last summer, which shows that dogs can practice the trick occasionally.

While going about the town they noticed that they were followed everywhere by a beautiful spaniel, of which at first they took no notice. Attracted, however, by the animal's persistence, they looked closely at it, and found that round its neck was a small padlocked box, with an inscription asking for alms for some poor schools.

The professors were assured that the dog recognized them as tourists by their clothes, and so therefore likely to give most willingly.

However this may be, M. Fontaine drew a penny from his pocket, and was about to put it in the box; but the dog prevented this by holding its head down over the opening, and, seizing the coin in its mouth, with great swiftness ran away.

A few minutes later they passed a baker's shop, and saw their collecting friend seated on the counter, and apparently enjoying to its heart's content a loaf which it had purchased for the penny.

NEW YORK wholesale dry goods dealers say that women buyers for Western retail houses are numerous in the city. This is exactly as it should be. Who knows so well as a woman what other women want? Meanwhile it opens another field of woman's work.

JUDGE NOT.

BY S. U. W.

Look on him as a book you never read,
Whose title merely tell beneath your eye,
Containing words and sentences unsaid,
In uncut leaves where you may never pry.

There may be smiles behind a passing frown;
A kindly heart hid by a wall of care;
A well of love that sparkles farther down
Than shallow springs that babble to the air.

This book with uncut leaves you may not scan,
Its name is but a faint and doubtful clue;
Between the covers is the unknown man
That may not mate the picture drawn by you.

If from this well with patience you could raise
The love and truth and earnest purpose there,
Your blame might then be turned to honest praise
And smiles would shine above that wall of care.

Perhaps the shadows that conceal his sun
Are cast by others who deserve but blame,
And wrap in gloom a fair life just begun,
And tarnish by the likeness of a name.

Live down the sins of others, if you can!
When cruel critics coldly pass you by,
And at the name cry out, "Behold the man!"
And let a maimed but noble effort die.

The bruised reed men trample in the dust,
And quench the smoking flax before it flames,
And loosen ties of human love and trust,
And breathe destruction on fair, honest names.

Princess Poppæa.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER IV.

JEAN HANBURY now began to be uneasy. Her brother was being taken from her. At least so she thought when no day passed that he did not make some excuse to go down and see the Princess. To his credit be it said, however, that it was not his fault that Jean did not go too, and the Princess asked her often; but for some reason or other—prejudice, Percy said—Miss Hanbury had not taken to the stranger.

"And she is a stranger," Jean said to herself with tears in her pretty eyes, "and we know nothing about her, and I cannot trust her; but she is beautiful, and she will turn Percy's head, and I cannot say a word, and mother is less than no use, and besides she is up in Scotland, and oh, dear!—perhaps I am selfish, but if she takes my boy from me, what shall I do?"

Poor pretty Jean! Perhaps there was not so much danger after all. However, it was all very dreadful, and Jean was very unhappy about it, and she dwelt upon her trouble.

There was so much about the Princess that was calculated to make a man fall in love with her—her wonderful beauty, her luminous eyes, her sweet voice.

Then she had many attributes which Jean knew must be particularly attractive to Percy—the air of mystery by which she was surrounded, her knowledge (or pretended knowledge) of the unseen, and her music.

The tears stood in Jean's eyes still, and from downstairs she heard the faint playing of a piano.

Ah, that—that soft and wistful music! was it drawing her dear brother from her now?

Percy was standing amongst the palms and leaning over the top of the piano. Princess Poppæa was playing very softly. She was looking up, but not at him, and in the great dark eyes there was a certain melancholy that suggested that the sounds that her fingers evoked came from her heart. She sighed gently and ceased playing.

"You feel your music," Percy said in a low voice.

"Feel it!" she echoed. "Do I not? It is for me an outlet, and it consoles me. Did that please you? I had brain fever once. I was delirious. I saw strange sights and I wandered over the face of the earth. I had a sort of trance. They said that I was dying—dead, once, but I was not, and I recovered. Afterwards I played that. It describes what I saw and heard, and I have but to play it to see and hear once more. I wonder whether it has any meaning for you."

She put her white hands upon the keys and played again.

Percy shut out the world and tried to make his mind for the moment blank that he might be ready to receive impressions. But what the Princess Poppæa played puzzled him.

It was in varying time, with bright changes from the minor to the major key, and sad lapses from mirth to gloom. There was a curious sense of repression and subduedness through the whole.

The music ceased abruptly, and the Princess looked up at him in silence.

"I scarcely understand," Percy said slowly. "It is beautiful and some idea is conveyed. It suggested to me a bird flying with weighted wings, a man running in chains——"

The Princess smiled.

"You have understood," she said, "partly. In the fancies of delirium there are the strong powers of hindrance, if you know what I mean, that are familiar in nightmare. But you did not grasp all. Had you played I should have known more. A clergyman preached a sermon and afterwards played it to his wife. She recognized it. I believe that to be possible. I should have recognized it—you, no."

Percy shook his head.

"The sermon, to be sure, was more narrative than dissertation or argument," added Princess Poppæa parenthetically.

She rose as she spoke and crossed the room; she moved gracefully. She wore black to-night, and, by contrast, the white of her neck and arms seemed to gleam in the brightly lighted room.

She went very slowly to the windows and threw them open, and the air came coolly in.

"Do you know anything of diamonds?" she said presently. "I picked up this today in the street, and whether it is only a bit of glass or real I cannot tell."

She held out a ring as she spoke, set with a single stone.

"It looks good," said Percy; "I believe you have got a 'find,' Princess."

"Only if it is real," said Princess Poppæa; "of course I shall have to advertise for the owner. I wish I knew. I could tell, I think, if I saw it beside an undoubted stone."

"Then I will fetch what you call an undoubted stone," said Percy.

He left the room and presently returned with his mother's diamonds.

"Good gracious, Mr. Hanbury! how magnificent!" cried the Princess; and she went into raptures over the jewels. Beside them the doubtful stone showed itself worthless at once. "And do you mean to say you keep these in the house?" asked the Princess.

"Temporarily," answered Mr. Hanbury.

"It seems risky, does it not? But I suppose you have a strong box?"

"No," said Percy, "I keep them locked up in a drawer in my sister's wardrobe. It has a good lock, I think they are safe; and then I keep the key myself."

"It should assuredly be a good lock," said the Princess. "These are worth a fortune. But of course a good lock makes them safe. You should have a unique key."

Percy took up the case preparatory to taking it back, and he singled out the key on his bunch—a long key with no other peculiarity.

"It looks ordinary enough," he said; "however, so long as I take good care of it, it will be all right."

The Princess glanced at it.

"But you are not going now?" she asked quickly.

"I am afraid, yes," he answered. "My dear sister is all alone. Good night, Princess."

And he went upstairs, locked up the diamonds, and joined Jean in the drawing-room.

CHAPTER V.

THE powers of attraction of the Princess must have been very great. The man who had travelled up from Dover in the next compartment to hers, and who had slept at the Metropole on the same floor with her room, had now taken lodgings in the corner house of a little street commanding a view of the Emperor's Mansions.

He spent much of his time looking out of his sitting-room, or loitering on the pavement and watching the balcony of the flat which he knew to be hers.

If he was in love with her, his love must have been great.

* * * * * *

The days passed quickly. June was drawing to a close, and with it the London season.

Jean Hanbury continued to be uneasy. Percy spent much of his time in the Princess's flat.

He drove with her, too, sometimes, and once or twice he had gone with her to the theatre. Of herself she spoke little; of himself she made him tell her much.

Jean in her distress had summoned her married sister, Ethel, and together they discussed the whole affair.

"What can one do?" asked Miss Hanbury. "How I wish he had not come home so soon, or that the Smiths had not let their flat! What chance can we have? she is so terribly beautiful."

"Upon my word, Jean," said her sister, "I think we must just let things take their course. If nothing happens, well and good; and if Percy chooses to marry her we cannot say a word; and really I scarcely think it would matter so very much if he did. She is quite lovely, you know, and good style, and all that; and nowadays people are so little particular that, if one could find out whether she has a little money——"

"Ethel, how can you!" cried Jean. "You have grown horribly worldly since you married Jack Leyton. Are beauty and money the only things a man wants in a wife?"

"Well, I suppose she is a Christian," said Mrs. Leyton complacently.

"I don't know what she is," said Miss Hanbury; "she talks about 'inner light,' and the 'higher life,' and 'currents,' and the 'astral,' and all sorts of things that interest Percy, because you know all that occult rubbish always had a fascination for him."

"It is—what shall I say?—chic to know about these things," said Mrs. Leyton; "and she is quite ladylike, and too lovely—though I can't help thinking she must use belladonna to make her pupils big, and I am certain she whitens her face in some way. But, after all, making up a little is quite tolerated now, and if she does, she does it so well that I don't think it matters at all. Really, Jean, I see no such terrible objection to her."

"You are not with me," said Miss Hanbury, "so you are against me. I thought better of you. What do we know of the Princess? She may be anything for aught we know—anything, I tell you—anything! And Percy is infatuated. I got you to come here to help me, Ethel, and you join the enemy. You might just as well be back at Windsor with your husband and your babies."

"Just as well, you ungrateful girl!" said Mrs. Leyton, laughing. "I leave my darling little son, only just convalescent after German measles, then I am told I might just as well not have come. There, Johnny, cheer up. I don't believe Percy is so hard hit as you think. He is only amusing himself."

"I hope so," said Jean.

Downstairs Percy was sitting in the pretty drawing-room he was beginning so well to know.

The Princess lay back in a low red chair. She wore a loose robe of dead white, and her brown hair streamed down over her shoulders.

She held one of the long-stemmed lilies, and she looked like a mediæval saint.

"My head has been aching," she said to him, "and my hair is heavy."

"It must be heavy," he said, looking admiringly at its generous silky length. "You should be painted so," he added.

"Why?" she asked slowly.

"Because—forgive me—you look so pure and holy."

The Princess shuddered. A curious look of pain came into her face, and the muscles at her mouth contracted.

Her lips parted, and for a moment, as she lay back in her cushions, she closed her eyes.

"Pure!" she echoed, "and holy! I would that I were!"

She was silent for a few seconds; then she said:

"The face is no key to the soul. Judas Iscariot may have had the face of the angel Gabriel, and Jezebel and the Empress Poppæa, my namesake, may have been innocent to look at!"

Percy looked up in surprise. He saw that her face had grown hard.

He supposed that she must have met with injury from some one who was beautiful to have called forth that bitter speech.

The Princess's mood changed, and she laughed lightly:

"Do not be afraid, Mr. Hanbury," she said; "I am not one or the other."

There was again silence for a few moments. For some unknown reason there flashed now upon Percy's brain the recollection of an incomplete and half-forgotten impression—one momentarily caused by the sharp turn he had seen the Princess make when the fussy man with the parcels had given way to his impatience on the gangway—that sharp turn which, but for the sweet voice which had presently spoken, would have been suggestive of furious retort.

He gave a movement of annoyance. The Princess had never given the least justification to that half-formed suspicion. He thought that he had put it from him, and he was angry that the remembrance of it should have come to him.

The Princess was looking at him very curiously.

"You think I should be painted like this?" she said, in a voice that sounded a little constrained. "I have a photograph of myself so. I will show it to you."

She rose and crossed the room to a writing-table.

"Ah! it is locked," she said as she tried a drawer, "and I have lost the key. I had forgotten. Perhaps one of your keys would fit it; let me try."

She came over to him, and he put a bunch into her hand.

"Your hand trembles, Princess!" he said.

"I am not well to-night. My head throbs. Play to me, Mr. Hanbury; it may soothe me."

Percy rose and went to the piano. He sat down and played. He was hidden behind the instrument and the palms.

He heard the keys jingle as the Princess tried them in the lock. It was some minutes before she returned the bunch to him.

"It is no good," she said; "they do not fit."

And Percy played on. He went gently from one thing to another. The Princess stood beside the piano in her dead-white gown.

Her bosom rose and fell with her quick breathing. Her face rested on her hand, and all her glorious hair fell richly round her, and the ends of it reached below her waist.

She was looking steadily at him as he played, and in her eyes, as she looked, there was a curious deep pain. The soft music filled the room.

The cool air came in through the open windows, and bore with it the scent of the flowers in the balcony. And Percy played on, choosing soft, dreamy things to suit the hour.

Princess Poppæa stood looking at him and taking in his bright young face, with its healthy sunburn, his frank eyes that lent themselves so easily to mirth, his small close-cropped head that rested so nobly on the strong throat.

He looked up suddenly and met that look of pain. A long breathless gaze between them.

His fingers ceased to play, and the Princess gave a low cry and buried her face in her hands.

"I cannot do it!" she cried brokenly, "I cannot!"

"Poppæa!" Percy said in a low voice, "Poppæa!"

He had started from his seat, but she waved him back.

"Hush!" she cried. "For the love of Heaven, do not say more, for my sake, for your own, and for your sister's! Matters are bad enough, God knows! Do not make them worse."

She put her hand to her throat and tore at her draperies that she might breathe. She was white as her dress, and her eyes were unnaturally bright.

She spoke in quick, short sentences, and with no foreign accent. She sank down upon a low chair.

"I am a lie!" she said doggedly—"a lie from beginning to end! I am English—I am no princess. My name is Mary Vereker, and my husband is now on the Continent somewhere. He is hiding from the police. He is under suspicion of being concerned in a great jewelry robbery in Paris. I may mention that he is guilty, and that I am involved in it too. There, you see what I am. It is well you said no more. Ah! how strange it all is! How strange that I should turn coward now! But I cannot injure you. You have been very good to me, and it was when I had you in my power that I knew that the task was beyond me. You trusted me, and how I meant to repay you! There is your key," she went on in a leaden voice. "I took it from your bunch when you lent it to me just now, and I substituted another. To-night I meant to have taken your mother's diamonds!"

Percy, who had been staring at her in sheer amazement, now gave a very sharp cry.

"Miss Hanbury did not trust me. She did well; but you—you were so good to me, so friendly, and so kind! It seems passing strange, does it not," she continued, "to have laid so deep a plan, and then, in the moment of success—for I had learnt from you the whereabouts of the diamonds, and I had secured the key—to become weak and to fail? But you I could not hurt. I will tell you a few things more, and then you must go, and I shall never see you again. My husband is a gambler and a rogue. I made his acquaintance when I was at school in Paris. I was sixteen, and he persuaded me to elope with him. I was an orphan. I had few friends. For the last twelve years we have traveled from one city to another on the Continent. I have mixed with rogues and blacklegs and the doubtful women who are their associates. The odds were against me. I became as bad as my set. We met Mrs. Bedford at Monte Carlo some weeks ago. She broke the bank. My husband helped her to choose the diamonds and we formed a scheme to steal them. She had not told your step-father about them, and she said she intended to give them to her son to keep for her. It was not difficult then to find out all about you. She showed me your photograph then, and it was from that I recognised you. Virginie, a confederate, came over here and took this flat. It has all been very simple. The rest you know. There, you have heard my disreputable story. You know now who and what I am."

She stopped, and a bitter cry came from her lips.

Percy was silent. He was very pale. He felt dazed with the horror of what he had heard.

Mrs. Vereker threw herself to the ground and buried her face in the cushion of a chair. Her hair hung tangled about her. She sobbed for some moments, then she slowly raised her eyes, full of misery, to his.

"Go now," she said, "and, if you can, pity me. I have had few chances, and fate has been against me. But I am not ungrateful, and till I die I shall not forget you. There is some little good in me, and you have found it. To-morrow I will go, and you will never see me again. But remember this, that if I had met you sooner I might not have been what I am."

She hid her face again. Percy took her hand kissed it.

"After all," he said, in an unsteady voice, "the good has triumphed, and the face is a key to the soul."

* * * * * *

That night a telegraph was put into the hands of the man of ordinary appearance who spent his time watching the Princess Poppæa's flat in Emperor's Mansions. It ran as follows:

"Paris, June 30.

"Vereker caught at the Eden an hour ago. Arrest the others."

[THE END.]

OYSTER AND DUCK.—A rough-and-tumble between a wild duck and an oyster occurred the other day. The duck was a large and full-grown one that had come from the north to enjoy the climate. It was of the diving species, which inhabit the bays till the spring, when they return north. When the oyster feeds, it opens its shell wide till the oyster is plainly visible. A sight of such a morsel was too much for the duck. He made a headlong plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell. Like a flash, and with the power of a vice, the shell closed on the duck's beak. Then came the struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller ones clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water. In this way the duck drowned. Its buoyancy was sufficient to float along with the oysters, and thus drifted near the dock, where it was captured. When taken out of the water the animal heat had not left the duck. The oyster still clung to the duck's beak.

In a Dream.

BY C. S. T.

I HAVE tried time and again to reason myself out of it. I don't like the idea of going through life acknowledging that I am indebted to the supernatural for my very existence. I have never believed in the supernatural. I am not going to believe it now if I can find any other way of accounting for my being here, instead of at the foot of a gravestone out on the hill yonder."

We had been discussing spiritualism before the open fire in Charley's room, and had drifted from arguments on the condition of the dead to the relation of incidents of a mysterious character influencing the lives of the living.

"I don't like to figure as a creature of the mysterious," Charley continued, "because it seems to commit me to a belief in all sorts of outlandish and unnatural things—to enclose me in an atmosphere altogether unearthly; but my only relief seems to lie in an utter repudiation of an occurrence too real and too productive of practical results to be repudiated; so you see I am in a good deal of a mess over it."

Charley is one of the most matter-of-fact of men.

At the bank where he holds the position of cashier, such an admission on his part would have produced a sensation. In the familiar circle where he sat that night it only provoked curiosity.

This curiosity he at once proceeded to satisfy, beginning with the abrupt question—

"Do you remember the night of the fifteenth of March?"

No one seemed to remember, for no one answered him.

"That's singular," he said, after a moment's silence. "At the same time you all took an interest in at least one of the occurrences of that night. I refer to the attempted bank robbery."

Certainly we all remembered that. We had simply failed to locate it on the date given—the night of the—the fifteenth of March.

"Well, when I left the bank that evening," Charley continued, "I was accompanied by Dick Munson, the paying-teller—a pale, nervous little fellow, with a memory of faces and signatures almost phenomenal, and an instinctive ability to detect frauds. We stopped on the bank steps for a moment to speak to a customer, and then passed on up the street together. His rooms were about half a mile further out than mine, and when we were kept at the bank later than usual, as on that occasion, we frequently dined together at a neat little restaurant not far from my chambers. We did so on that night, occupying a table alone in a small alcove from which a window looked out upon a side street.

"We were well through the meal, when Dick called my attention to the figure of a man standing on the outer edge of the walk, and facing across the side street.

"'Do you remember having seen that person before this evening?' he asked slowly.

"I glanced up carelessly, and replied that to the best of my recollection I then saw the man for the first time.

"'Then,' he added, nervously, 'note some peculiarity in dress or attitude, so you will know him if you see him again. Wait; the face is the best index. He may turn this way in a moment.'

"As though influenced by our rigid scrutiny, the man on the walk turned almost before Dick had finished speaking, and faced the window where we sat.

"'Don't look now,' Dick said, turning his own eyes away. 'He is watching us. When you do look, notice the upper portion of his face. People of his kind usually point out their peculiarities by trying to hide them. Look—look sharp under the rim of the slouch hat he wears for some distinguishing mark.'

"While the teller was speaking, I caught a full view of the man's face. The eyebrows were very thick and black, and came close together. There was no arch to speak of, and the general effect was that of a straight, unbroken line crossing the lower forehead. It was a face not easily forgotten.

"'I thought you would find something there,' Dick said, when I told him what I had seen. 'I was not quick enough to see the fellow's face, but I should have known it anywhere. He stood in front of the bank steps when we stopped there to-night, and has kept us in sight nearly all the way up. Unless he is frightened off we shall hear from him before long.'

"I laughed heartily at Dick's view of the matter, and nothing more was said on the subject until we reached my rooms. Then, placing his hand on my arm, he exclaimed—

"'I can't get over what we were talking about at the restaurant. I can't get that slouching figure on the edge of the walk out of my mind. Let me remind you once more to look sharp for that face wherever you go. Good-night.'

"He was off before I could make any reply, and I went on upstairs, laughing quietly at what I considered the nervous fears of a tired-out and naturally suspicious man.

"On my sitting-room table I found a note reminding me of an important engagement in another part of the city, and left hurriedly. To this day the janitor insists that I left my door unlocked, but I am positive that I did not.

"Not long after my departure, however, he found it ajar, looked carelessly through the rooms, saw that I was not there, and locked it. Had he been more thorough in his search he would doubtless have saved me from a very strange experience.

"It was midnight when I returned to my rooms. The gas was burning dimly in the sitting-room, but the sleeping-room beyond it was in total darkness. Opening from the sleeping-room was a large bath-room, and adjoining this was a large clothes-closet.

"I locked the door as usual, turned off the gas, and went to bed, as I frequently did, without striking a light in the sleeping-room or opening the doors leading to the bath-room and closet.

"I went to sleep immediately. How long I slept soundly I cannot tell. I am utterly unable to describe the first sensations I experienced. Dimly and afar off I heard Dick Munson's voice, speaking as though in a terrible fear or from out an overpowering nightmare.

"At first the sounds came to me like a voice muffled by the walls of a close room, and conveyed to my mind no distinct form of words; but the tone was one of warning, and told me as plainly as words could have done that I was in deadly peril of some kind.

"After a time the voice ceased, and I heard, as plainly as I now hear the rumbling of wheels outside, the rapping of a private signal known only in the bank when he desired to attract my attention to any face or suspicious circumstance in front of his window.

"This was repeated several times. Then I heard the voice again, clear and distinct this time, as though a door or window had been opened in the room from which it proceeded.

"There was no mistaking the words this time. I heard them over and over again, as one hears words in vivid dreams: 'Lock the bath-room door! I can't get that slouching figure out of my mind!' With the words came a feeling which I cannot describe, but which you have doubtless all experienced — a sensation of immediate personal danger, coupled with a physical inability to control a muscle to meet it.

"The words and the private signal alternated many times, and then I heard a crash—such a crash as would follow the falling of a heavy window-sash. Absolute silence followed, and with the silence came a sense of physical depression, as though a current of electricity which had wrought my nerves to their utmost tension had suddenly been withdrawn.

"I awoke instantly. When I say I awoke, I mean that I awoke to consciousness of the things immediately about me, for it is my belief that my mental condition previous to that time cannot be expressed or described by the word sleep.

"I heard the City Hall clock strike one, and tried to sleep again, but could not do so. I could think of nothing but the slouchy figure I had seen early in the evening on the outer edge of the walk; I found it impossible to forget the mysterious warning to lock the bath-room door.

"I should have got out of bed and made a tour to the bath-room and closet, only it occurred to me it would be a rather ridiculous thing to do. Men who pride themselves on a practical turn of mind dislike to do ridiculous things, even when alone. Besides, notwithstanding the effect produced upon me by what I had heard, I regarded the matter as an unusual, clear-cut dream, and was not in the least alarmed. The longer I lay awake, the more thoroughly did I become convinced that the nervous suspicions of the paying-teller were alone responsible for my losing a good hour of sleep, and I resolved to make up for lost time as soon as possible by turning over for another refreshing nap.

"If I had not as a preliminary step to the resolve so formed raised myself in bed and made a great noise by beating up and rearranging my pillows, perhaps the most trying portion of that night's experience would have been spared me.

"But be that as it may, the fact remains that, before I had arranged the pillows to my liking, my attention was diverted from my task by three rather startling objects.

"First a dark lantern was pouring its round red rays full in my face. The second was an unusually long and unnaturally bright self-cocking revolver located within six inches of my nose.

"The third was a particularly villainous face, with thick, black eyebrows running together above the nose, forming no arch to speak of, and producing the general effect of a straight unbroken line crossing the lower forehead.

"Was I frightened? Yes; but I scarcely think my fright took the usual form. I knew in an instant as well as I know now that it was not my life, nor the trifling amount of money he might find in my room, that the intruder wanted. I recognized his presence there as a part of a well-laid plan to rob the bank. The intruder's first words confirmed my suspicions.

"'Get up and dress yourself. We want you at the bank. If you value your life be quick about it, and make no noise,' he said in a whisper.

"The man's arguments were unanswerable, and I obeyed.

"'You are to go with me to the bank and open the vault,' he said, holding his weapon close to my head as I dressed.

"'The first movement you make to escape or call assistance will be your last. My mates are below. If I miss my aim they will not. If we meet an officer at the bank or on the way thither, and you are questioned, you are to say that you want important papers which are left in your desk, and to pass on. You will not be harmed. We want money, not human life. Do you understand?'

"In a short time I was at the outer door of my sitting-room, dressed for the street. Never for an instant, in all my journeys about the room to secure my clothes, had the threatening weapon been removed from the close position of my waking moment. Still I had not abandoned hope. Surely between my room and the bank some opportunity for escape would present itself. I had no intention of unlocking the vault. At the last moment I should have risked a few shots from the robber's revolvers.

"My escort unlocked the sitting-room door and paused with his hand on the knob. At that instant a sound of footsteps was heard on the stairs. The key was quietly turned in the lock, and I felt the cold rim of the revolver on my temple. The steps passed my door, and the weapon was lowered.

"You all know what followed. Before the weapon could be raised again, the door fell in with a crash, and the robber, who stood directly in front of it, was clubbed to the floor and handcuffed by a squad of policemen led by the paying-teller.

"Dick did not return to his own chamber that night. We spent the time until daylight in my sitting-room. At first he absolutely refused to explain his sudden appearance with the officers, for Dick is a hard-headed sort of fellow, who scouts everything that cannot be demonstrated by set rules and figures; but finally he unbosomed himself, telling his story before I had even given a hint of my own mysterious experience.

"'I slept soundly until nearly one o'clock,' he said, with an air of a man who expects to be laughed at, 'and then I passed into a strange, trance-like dream. In that dream I saw, as plainly as I ever saw in my life, the interior of your bath-room, and seated at the foot of the tub where the opening door would have concealed him from any one looking in, I saw the man we had last seen opposite the window where we dined.

"'I recognized at once the slouching figure and the level line of eyebrows which he then attempted to hide beneath the brim of his slouch hat.

"'There was no light in the bath-room or anywhere about the apartment, but I had no difficulty in tracing every line of his face, nor in seeing you sound asleep in bed. My mind at once became filled with the one idea that you were in danger. In my sleep I called out to you to lock the bath-room door, and warned you that I could not get the slouching figure we had seen out of my mind.

"'I could not make you hear. In my alarm I gave the private signal we use at the bank. I actually awoke to find myself sounding it on the head of my bed, and repeating over and over again the words I have told you.

"'I laughed at myself as a superstitious idiot, and went to sleep again, only to renew the experiences described—to see the slouching figure in the bath-room, and to repeat my cries of warning and the private signal.

"'I awoke again to find myself standing by the open window (I must have raised it in my sleep, for I closed it on retiring), sounding the private signal on the sash, and repeating the warning words. How long I should have remained there I cannot say. My blows on the sash must have loosened the catch, for the window fell with a crash. In a moment I heard a church clock strike one.

"'I was thoroughly awake, but I could not drive from my mind the impression created by my singular dreams. Perhaps I should have gone to bed again only for the fact that the figure my dreams had shown me in your apartment was the same I had warned you against on parting with you for the night. I resolved to dress myself and seek you in your room.

"'I was ashamed to come to your room openly at that time of the night, with no excuse to offer for my presence save such a one as any old woman would have laughed at, so I crept upstairs like a spy and listened.

"'I saw the flash of the dark lantern at the threshold. I heard enough to satisfy me that something was wrong. So I went for the police.'"

THE BRAIN.—In a talk to teachers in New York the other night Dr. W. A. Hammond made some interesting utterances about the brain. When the doctor, in the course of his remarks, said "anxiety causes more brain disorders than any other agency I know of, unless it be love," the young ladies looked as though they would much prefer the latter if it ever became necessary for them to have brain trouble.

Human beings are governed by their emotions, and it is well that they should be, though it is the emotions that wear away the brain, and not honest intellectual work. Very few people suffer from intellectual work, and if my memory serves me I do not recollect ever having a mathematician for a patient. It is not intellectual work that causes nervous dyspepsia, but the emotions, such as anxiety, fear, sorrow and love. I consider that eight hours are sufficient for a man to use his brain, because if he exceeds that time he becomes nervous and fretful, and an exhausted brain is an irritable brain. You may not feel the evil effects of the stress of brain work at the time, but you will sooner or later when it becomes too late. The men that work at night with their brains are the ones that expose themselves to danger and death, which will surely come unless the great strain on the mind is lightened.

Scientific and Useful.

THE BEST.—A mixture of coal-tar and plumbago, thinned with turpentine, makes the best paint for an iron smoke-stack.

COLDS.—A writer in a medical journal says that he has had great success in the cure of over three hundred cases of acute and chronic catarrh, or cold in the head, by the use of ice-cold water. The legs, from the knees downward, are washed with it in the morning and at night, and rubbed vigorously with a coarse towel. It is necessary to do this for two days only; while many patients are said to have been cured in one day.

FOR SICK-ROOMS.—A curiously considerate invention has just been produced by a Frenchman, in the shape of a noiseless clock, for use more especially in the sick-room. In place of the usual pendulum, the hands are set in motion by the unrolling of a chain, the end of which is fastened to a buoy floating in a tank of liquid. This fluid escapes at a uniform rate, and can be utilized to feed a lamp-wick, thus giving the apparatus the double character of clock and lamp. When the lamp is lighted the necessary diminution of liquid takes place by combustion, at other times by a carefully regulated dropping.

WATERPROOFING.—It is said that a cheap and ready means of waterproofing leather, felt, cloth, and other fabrics, is represented by the following simple process: Paraffin wax is heated, mixed with linseed oil, and cast into a block. This is rubbed, when cold, into the fabric to be waterproofed, which is afterwards ironed with a very hot iron, so that the particles of waxing material are distributed and urged into the pores of the fabric. By limiting the amount of waterproof mixture, the fabric may be rendered impervious to water, but porous enough to allow circulation of air. The process should be valuable to fishermen and others who are much exposed to the weather.

WOOD CARPET.—The process of making the wood carpet now coming into common use, is comparatively simple, although it must be done with exactitude. Carefully adjusted saws strip the lumber into the desired thickness and width, the latter differing according to the work required. The stuff is then subjected to the saws that cut it out in proper shape for the inlaying, to form the fabric and figure of the carpet. This must be done with much particularity, as each of the multiform pieces must exactly fit. The arrangement of the pieces and the glueing of them are done by lads, and looks like slow work, but yards are thus woven with fair celerity. Canvas is glued on one side to give strength to the fabric. The carpet is then subjected to sandpaper, and it is finally finished with hard oil.

Farm and Garden.

SOILING.—Real soiling consists of keeping the animals in the barn-yard and feeding them in the stalls by growing green crops for their use, which are cut and fed to them instead of allowing them on the pasture. In other words, pasturing compels the cows to collect the food by grazing, while "soiling" keeps them shut up, the food being brought to them.

THE COWS.—Dairymen must at some time realize the fact that the curry-comb and brush are as necessary in the cow stable as they are in the horse stable. The careful hostler never allows his horse to miss a day without a good brushing, yet cows, which need brushing more, are not cleaned from one end of the year to the other. Those who brush their cows state that it pays to do so.

WIND-MILLS.—A very common mistake in selecting wind-mills is to get those that have not enough power in light winds—the diameter of the wheel being too small. It is always better to have a little more power than is needed, for that will obviate many disappointments with but very little extra costs. Manufacturers usually sell their mills guaranteed to perform a certain amount of work, but a mill that does not have to be put to full performance will last better than another strained to its limit, and will be also less likely to get out of repair.

ROAD DUST.—Road dust is a perfect deodorizer and absorbent, and costs nothing beyond the labor of getting it and hauling a load of earth into the road to replace what is taken away. If you have not already secured a supply for winter use in the poultry house, it is high time for you to do so. Keep a barrel of it in one corner of the poultry-house, strew some underneath the perches every morning, and there will be no offensive odor from the droppings. The droppings thus covered every morning it is not necessary to remove them oftener than once a week in cold weather.

LIVE AND DEAD WEIGHT.—The following example will give a good idea of the difference in the live and dead weight of cattle. By this it will be seen that it is safe to estimate the offal at one-third the live weight: A steer past two years old weighed 1410 pounds. The quarters weighed 762 pounds; tallow, 109 pounds; hide, 89 pounds—a total of 960 pounds. One-third from the live weight would have left 940 pounds, a difference of 20 pounds between estimated and actual offal. A cow, ten years old, had a live weight of 1360 pounds; two-thirds of this would be 907 pounds. The quarters weighed 715 pounds; tallow, 100 pounds; hide, 90 pounds; total 905 pounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year..... $2 00
2 Copies One Year..... 3 50
3 Copies One Year..... 5 00
4 Copies One Year..... 6 00
5 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 11 00
12 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 15 00
20 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 20 00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication Office, 728 Sansom St.

The Gentle Character.

We cannot pretend to give a delineation of every trait which forms an element of the character of a true gentleman, and shall confine our remarks to a few leading thoughts illustrative of its nature and manifestation.

What, then, is "a gentleman?" It seems difficult to dissociate the term in many minds from a certain rank or position in life.

It is told of a certain literary parson that, on a pastoral visitation, he entered the dwelling of a tailor who happened to be a member of a different congregation. The latter remarked: "Although I cannot receive your visit as my minister, I shall be glad to do so as a gentleman." "When I visit gentlemen," was the snobbish reply, "I never call on tailors."

There is a prevalent fallacy that to be a gentleman it is essential to follow a gentlemanly occupation, from which category is, of course, excluded anything so degrading as trade or manual labor. One result of this is that the learned professions are overstocked, the gentlemanly labor market is glutted, and there is, as an inevitable result, a great and growing amount of genteel poverty, which is often sorely pressed to satisfy the vulgar necessity of living.

Then again there is among us so much surface gentility and assumption of superiority that self-assertion is at a premium; and we "follow my leader" in paying homage to the tinsel of a showy exterior, and in bowing the knee before "success in life," as the great golden calf of modern days. Only let a man have money, and it matters not how he became possessed of it.

There are not a few who hold their heads high, and who look with disdain on all in an inferior station, whose fingers all the gold in the Mint cannot wash from the slime of the mean and dishonest transactions whereby they have amassed their wealth. "Nothing is missing but conscience—nothing lost but honor." Boldly tell one of this shoddy aristocracy, however, that he is not a gentleman, and he will certainly sue you for libel.

A recent writer observes that it is as obvious a perversion of the term to say that to be a gentleman is to do and be all that is excellent, as to say that he is one who never does anything; that although a man may be a good man in addition to being a gentleman, the two things are quite distinct, and that, in short, he may be a gentleman and yet be a very wicked man. We believe this to be an entire misconception of the character. A man so inconsistent as to sail under false colors and make himself agreeable for sinister purposes, we should consider one of the most dangerous persons we could introduce into our homes or among our friends.

We find a better conception of the character in a recent work of fiction. "He is certainly a gentleman," the author says of one of his heroes, "though what it is that constitutes a gentleman is an open question. It is not culture, for I have known ignorant men who were gentlemen and learned scholars who were not. It is not money, nor grace, nor goodness, nor station. It is something indefinable, like poetry."

As now understood, the term is indicative of conduct rather than lineage—of character rather than position—of the intrinsic qualities that contribute to its formation as much as their manifestation in the life. A gentleman is something unique, apart from any consideration of rank, education, or pursuits.

We may have a correct conception of the character without being able to enter into an analysis of it. Courtesy and simplicity are its leading features. The most highly cultivated men are ever the least conceited, and we generally find that the pedantic are men of small understanding.

Chesterfield embodies its constituent elements in the term "politeness," which he defines as a benevolence in trifles, or a preference of others to ourselves in the ordinary occurrences of life.

Gentleness, the foundation of the character, implies a reserved power, and is to be distinguished from weakness, as it is from a passive tameness of spirit and an unreasonable compliance with the dictates or the will of others. It renounces no just right from the fear of their frown, and yields no important truth to their flattery.

Bashfulness is not inconsistent with the character, for bashfulness is one trait of gentility. The gentleman is too bashful, or backward, or fearful to stoop to a mean thing. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. Papers not meant for his eye are sacred. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, and notices to trespassers are not for him. He is a consistent observer of the second great commandment; whatever he judges to be honorable he practices towards all.

The gentleman is not a new character in society. He is as old as the necessities of human nature for help and its cravings for sympathy. A simple act will sometimes make the heart transparent. We have nowhere more illustrative examples than in Scripture. Never has the world seen better specimens of farmers, tradesmen, masters, fathers, servants and friends than those of whom notices are there recorded.

These prove that the Christian is the highest type of a gentleman; and he cannot be otherwise, because he is governed by a set of rules distinct from those by which the man of worldly policy is guided.

The excellence of counsel is not really affected by the character of him from whom it proceeds. Advice, which would have been good advice from the lips of a saint, does not become bad advice because found on the lips of a sinner. Joab was a man of blood, and yet David would have done well to hearken to him, when he dissuaded him from numbering the people. Yet so it is, that in practice a man can always evade the force of reproof if he can fly to the taunt—"Physician, heal thyself." However bitterly I may inveigh against a fault, if I am not diligent in avoiding it, the natural inference will be that I speak of it more offensively than I think. If I would not "suffer sin on a brother," the best mode of rebuke is to shew that I hate it too thoroughly to suffer it upon myself. Here, at least, the much abused maxim holds good—that "charity begins at home." If charity dictates the admonition, let it not appear that I love the soul of another better than my own.

As when you see an asp in a golden casket, you do not esteem that asp happy because it is enclosed in materials so costly and so magnificent, but despise and would shun it on account of its venom; so when you see vice lodged in the midst of wealth and the swelling pride of fortune, be not struck with the splendor of the materials with which it is surrounded, but despise the gross alloy of its manners and sentiments.

It is the mental attitude of a large and whole-souled sympathy that is needed to make benevolence most truly helpful, one which yearns over every deficiency and longs to supply every need of the nature. It is not enough to feed the hungry, to shelter the homeless, to teach the ignorant though all these things are necessary. It would not be enough to gratify all the material cravings of every one we meet, even could unlimited wealth compass such an object. A higher and a nobler aim enters into the best benevolence—that of elevating the character, infusing good principles, cultivating good habits, exalting the motives, purifying the life, and thus laying the foundation of an enduring happiness and an increasing usefulness.

The memory will only be content when there is that accuracy which gives absolute confidence. Suspicion of inaccuracy is the most vicious element in memory. It is more satisfactory not to recall a thing than to recall it in such a way as not to know what we have recalled—whether the recollection is reliable, where the memory of fact shades into fancy. It requires the best mental activity, the closest observation, the clearest thought, the sharpest discrimination, the cleanest classification, to give knowledge that definiteness which is indispensable to reliability in memory and accuracy in recollection.

It may be your prayer is like a ship, which, when it goes on a very long voyage, does not come home laden so soon; but when it does come home it has a richer freight. Mere "coasters" will bring ordinary things; but they that go afar to foreign lands return with gold and ivory. Coasting prayers, such as we pray every day, bring us many necessaries; but there are great prayers, which, like the old Spanish galleons, cross the ocean and are longer out of sight, but come deeply laden with a golden freight.

It is an axiom in business co-partnerships that no member shall enter into transactions which he conceals from the firm. It should be a rule of morals and of affection that no man's partner in the older and sacred family compact should be in ignorance of what concerns her even more than him. That is no partnership in which all members have not a voice; and it is simply fraud—in matrimony no less than in business—when one of the "firm" deceives or disregards the other.

Fear, not of suffering, but of sin; not of God, but of the devil; not of losing property, health, or even life itself, but of losing any of the great elements of moral goodness. This fear is in truth the highest courage. The man who dreads the morally wrong is the true hero. In truth this fear is but a modification of love. It is love dreading to displease or injure in any way the object on which it has centred its affection.

There are problems in life beyond the power of men to exhaust, and in that certainty or uncertainty it is our privilege to rest. The human mind may and ought to respond as calmly before a confessed and unconquerable difficulty as before a confessed and discovered truth.

Always say a kind word if you can, if only that it may come in, perhaps, with singular opportuneness, entering some mournful man's darkened room like a beautiful firefly, whose happy convolutions he cannot but watch, forgetting his many troubles.

True repentance can be known from false in this: that it is distasteful, bitter, hard; its course through life is that of a fiery flame, and at first the life looks, not watered and refreshed, but burnt over.

There is nothing more destructive to the young mind, nothing more injurious to the mature mind, and nothing more disastrous to the feeble mind than flattery.

True, honest sorrow is never boisterous. You will see an effort made to conceal it, and be silent; an effort to avoid show, and a desire for retirement.

That angry man whom you see laughing you should be careful to avoid when in good nature, for his heart is not natural.

When any good happens to any one, rejoice at it.

The World's Happenings.

Some of the extra large cultivated chestnuts fetch $5 a bushel.

Artificial ivory is made by injecting white wood with chloride of lime.

Sealskin garments will not be fashionable in London the coming winter.

A lady in a Mexican suburban town near Orizaba fell dead while waltzing.

The Brotherhood of Carpenters transacts its business in six different languages.

The barbers are to have a national convention in New York on December 5.

Councils in Reading, Pa., have levied a tax of two dollars each on milk wagons.

The Vermont legislature is asked to exempt base ball players from serving on juries.

An automatic pencil that writes blue, red, violet and black at command is a late novelty.

A dog near Cardington, in Delaware county, Pa., is said to have a weakness for eating cork.

A catfish weighing 168 pounds with the head off was caught on the falls at Louisville last week.

The entire revenue of the postmaster at Brownsville, Kan., last year amounted to but 55 cents.

The Stewart mansion in New York is guarded by private watchmen at all hours of the day and night.

Simon Collins, a blind man, living at Marietta, Pa., is said to be one of the best mechanics in the country.

A Wisconsin man literally covered a cow with notices of his wares and then set her at large as an advertisement.

A citizen of Lancaster, Pa., has raised a sweet potato 18 inches long and not thicker than an ordinary chair leg.

A Concord, N. H., baker is said to have altered a second-hand hearse, and now goes about serving his customers from it.

A Texas jury gave a verdict of $19.75 in favor of a man whose dog had been run over and killed by a railroad train.

Several of the pug dogs on exhibition at the recent fair in Orange county, N. Y., wore lace collars—some of them 3 inches deep.

A Clarksville, Ill., turkey gobbler stole a guinea hen's nest, sat on the eggs, hatched the chicks, and is raising them with great care.

Only 90 persons remain of the once powerful tribe of Modoc Indians. Consumption and close intermarriage have decimated the tribe.

A Saginaw, Mich., woman who stole money and swallowed it, when detection seemed likely, was given an emetic and the cash was recovered.

A correspondent writes from Adrianople that he saw a Turkish porter walking briskly down the street with a heavy American piano strapped on his back.

An Englishman was recently sentenced to three months hard labor for stealing a plum pudding. He found it was too hot for him and dropped it as the landlady came in.

Two thousand dollars were found in a belt left behind by a tramp who had been given a night's lodging lately by a Saco, Maine, family. He returned and claimed the money.

Nominations for office seem to come very high in New York, where Judge Lawrence has been assessed—and refuses to pay, as the price of his renomination for an office which he has honored—the sum of $25,000.

An ingenious gentleman is traveling through Fulton county, Pa., selling "a valuable preparation" warranted to polish tinware. It is simply wood ashes, which he begs at the farm-houses along his route.

The manager of a Louisville theatre has in his possession a bundle of manuscript that would make a sensation if given to the public. It is composed of over 200 letters written by well known men about town to the fascinating airies of the footlights.

A gentleman in Calais, Maine, recently gave a birthday dinner, and all the game served, including the snipe, woodcock, partridges and duck, were shot for the occasion by the host. At the plate of each guest was a souvenir of snipe wings, arranged with light ribbons.

A woman passenger jumped from a train moving out of the station at Bristol, Conn., a day or two ago, and in alighting struck the conductor, who was standing on the depot platform, full force in the chest. Both fell to the ground, but strange to say neither was hurt.

A resident of Sumpter, Ga., was driving a mule through the streets when the breeze caught up a big piece of blue paper lying in the gutter and whirled it directly before the animal's face. The mule, it is reported, started back in terror, trembled violently, and then fell over dead.

Toronto, Can., has been aroused by the quantity of water which her residents waste, and has taken steps to provide a remedy. Inspectors have been appointed, who go about "spotting;" and when, after a warning, no improvement is made, water meters are attached to the pipes.

An English colonel has invented a new collection box which is being generally adopted in England, so it is said. It has a locked cover through which the coin drops into a receptacle which can only be opened by the clergyman. This does away with the trouble of having to search the money takers when they get back into the vestry.

An Ansonia, Conn., man caught his foot between a plank and a railroad rail, and almost immediately the noise of an approaching train reached his ears. He struggled to free himself, but in vain, and had prepared for death when the train rounded the curve and proved to be on the adjoining track. Shortly after a switchman appeared and released him from his perilous position.

THE CHANGE.

BY A. MARVELL.

Only yesterday the fields
  Looked so commonplace and bare;
Now they are so fresh and green,
  Starred with daisies everywhere.
Only yesterday the woods
  Were but beech and elm trees;
They are vocal now with song,
  Full of tender mysteries.

What has changed the fields and woods,
  Made the sky so blue above,
Filled the ambient air with song?
  It was all the work of love.
Mary through the fields and woods
  Walked along last night with me;
Heard my vows, while thrushes sang,
  "Sweet! oh sweet!" from every tree.

Love can fill the hardest day
  With a sense of love and song;
Love can make the gloomy gay,
  Love can make the weary strong;
Love can make the field's ablaom,
  Fill the woods with melody;
Love is merry; in her smile
  Life is sweet and good to me.

He and She.

BY M. E. CHILLAH.

IT was twilight; and the flickering flames cast weird shadows on the walls of Marion Eldershaw's studio. Marion sat bolt upright in an armchair, her hands clasped together across her knees, staring into the glowing embers. Her handsome face was faded and worn; there were silver streaks in her dark hair; her very hands had lost the look of youth: she was just thirty, and she looked years older.

By her side, crouched on the hearthrug, was a widely different specimen of womanhood—a red-haired girl with a placid, unruffled brow, and a complexion of dazzling fairness.

"I had hitherto supposed, Ethel," said Marion, breaking the silence, "that women had two advantages over men."

"Only two!" Ethel came a little nearer. "What are they?"

"You are not liable to sit on a jury, and you are not expected to go to funerals; but it appears that I have made a mistake. My poor old cousin's lawyer has sent me an invitation (it's a ghastly mockery, but I don't know what else to call it!) to be present at the ceremony on Saturday. I never saw my cousin since I was a child, and then I did not like him at all. I don't see why I am bound to go all the way to Wiltshire just when I have promised to finish my picture, but I suppose I must."

"How hard you work!" exclaimed Ethel, admiringly.

Marion had met Ethel Heath in the summer; she had heard her spoken of as an orphan girl of independent means whom it would be a kindness to befriend. Entirely fascinated by her beauty, Marion had begged her as a favor to come and sit for a study of Elaine.

The sittings had been prolonged indefinitely as the two got to like each other better, and now there was hardly a day that Ethel did not look into the studio, even if it were but for a few minutes.

"Work is the merest matter of habit," answered Marion, "and I had to begin very early. I had a certain amount of talent, no scrap of genius (it's much rarer than people suppose); but in following my profession, behold, I have lost my youth and my good looks."

As she spoke, she took a spill from a vase and lighted the candles that stood on the mantelpiece. A step was audible in the passage, a curtain was pushed aside, and before Marion could stop her by word or sign, the servant had ushered a visitor into the room.

"Mr. William Eldershaw."

A broad-shouldered middle-aged man with a brown beard; he carried himself erect, and had the air of a person who is accustomed to think for himself and act quickly.

He found his way between an easel and a low table, skilfully avoiding a heap of rugs that had been thrown on the floor, and held out both his hands, crying, "Marion! Have you forgotten me after all these years? Why, Molly!"—and there was infinite tenderness in his tone—"have you been ill, my dear?"

Marion stood by the fireside; in her surprise and joy she forgot all about Ethel, who had fled from the room. "Will, dear old boy!" she exclaimed, "I have no words to say how glad I am. No, no, not ill" (as he repeated his question), "but getting rather old, you know. It's fifteen years since we met."

Hand clasped in hand, they remained for a few seconds looking at each other; then she pointed to a chair and broke into a string of questions. How long had he been in England? Had he been to Wiltshire? How was the old place looking? "And, oh, Will, I do hope he forgave you before he died!"

Marion and William Eldershaw were distant cousins; as children they had been inseparable companions, as boy and girl the most devoted friends. Will was an orphan and lived with Marion's father.

At the Stone House, hard by, old Mr. Eldershaw supported the family dignity by accumulating wealth and indulging in wild freaks of temper. He never loved the boy whom all the neighbors regarded as his heir; there were perpetual quarrels and misunderstandings.

At last Will fairly broke loose from all restraint, and vowed that he would go to Canada and try his luck as a farmer.

"Go," said his uncle, "and you will never inherit the Stone House."

And Will, in his boyish passion, had answered that the Stone House was nothing to him. The next day he set sail for America, with $100 in his pocket, a light heart in his breast, and a firm resolve to make his fortune immediately and come back and marry his cousin, if she would have him.

It was fifteen years later, and Will was still a bachelor; he had returned (without the fortune) to find that Uncle Stephen was just dead, that Marion had made herself a reputation as an artist, that she looked sadly weary and overworked, and that he loved her still, better than any one in the wide world.

For a quarter of an hour the cousins talked; at the end of that time Marion went to look for Ethel. "She is the loveliest little maiden you ever saw, Will," she explained as she left the room, "and I expect you to be very nice to her."

That evening, when her visitors had departed, Marion hit upon a brilliant plan. Will was utterly unchanged, he was just the same good-natured fellow as ever. He was sure to inherit the Stone house property (had not uncle Stephen sent for him to come home?), he must settle down at last as an English country gentleman, and he must marry Ethel Heath.

"I have built a good many castles in my day," she thought, "and now I hope to lay the foundation-stone of a lasting one. The first thing to remember is, that I must be very cautious, so I will hold my tongue and not interfere too much. Ethel especially must not know anything about it. Will is so good, I am quite sure of him or I wouldn't turn match-maker, and he did admire her immensely. If there is one person in the world I ought to understand, it is Will Eldershaw."

For the next few days Marion was very busy. Will came in whenever he had time; he took the profoundest interest in the picture (for which Ethel was sitting,) declaring that if the lily maid really looked like that, "she deserved the title of Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable."

* * * * * *

On the afternoon of old Mr. Eldershaw's funeral the wind blew fiercely across the marsh land that formed part of the Stone House estate. The huge elms in front of the library windows towered up into a grey sky.

Mr. Eldershaw had always liked the room in spite of its eastern aspect; here he had sat with his newspaper and his short pipe; here he had harangued the bailiff, scolded the farm laborers, and quarrelled with his neighbors when he got the chance.

And here were now assembled his two relatives, William and Marion Eldershaw, his doctor and his lawyer. Seated on a bench at the father end of the room were the housekeeper and the farm bailiff. On a big round table was a tray containing wine and cake. Just behind it hung an engraving, the Duke of Wellington standing by the bier of his great enemy.

Marion, looking round the room with a scarcely suppressed shudder, remembered the picture, and how, as a little child, she had shut her eyes and run past it, if by any chance she had been left in the library alone. She remembered, too, the red flock paper, the musty smell of old books, the leather-backed chairs, and the sound of the elms as they swayed to and fro in the wind. It was a dreary place in which to live and die!

Well, when Will came down for good and brought his wife, he must make a sitting-room on the other side of the house.

Marion roused herself from her day-dream with a start—Mr. Morgan, the lawyer, was addressing her.

"If it is convenient to you, Miss Eldershaw, and to the gentlemen, I will proceed to read the will."

"Certainly, Mr. Morgan, just as you think fit," she answered.

Mr. Morgan bowed. He was a new partner in an old firm; he knew little or nothing of the quarrels and misunderstandings of the Eldershaw family; he had never seen either Mr. and Miss Eldershaw before, but he did not like the task that was before him. A dead silence fell on the assembled company, only broken by the noise of the wind outside and the creaking of the bailiff's boots within. The will was short and clear.

Marion heard and understood every word of it. There were small legacies to the doctor, the bailiff, the servants; a sum of $2,500 was left to the county hospital. The Stone House with its farm and lands, and invested property to the amount of $100,000 was bequeated unconditionally to the testator's first cousin once removed, Marion Helen Eldershaw. The same Marion Helen was nominated residuary legatee, and of William Eldershaw (the old man's nephew) there was no mention whatever.

Mr. Morgan put down the document and prepared to shake hands with the heiress; it was his practice, on such occasions, to say a few words of congratulation, subdued but sincere. But Will Eldershaw was beforehand with him.

"Well, Molly, I wish you joy!"

"Oh, Will!" she said under her breath, "I had imagined that it would all be so different. I had never even thought of this. The Stone House ought to be yours!"

"You must remember," answered Will, gravely, "that he vowed, years ago, that it never should be. Don't fret; I'm very glad you've got it."

Nevertheless, he was passionately attached to the old place, and it was hard to know that he had thrown away his birthright in a fit of youthful pride. Besides, there was another reason for regret. Who was he, to raise his eyes to the mistress of the Stone House? Could he ask her to wait while he returned to Manitoba in search of that fortune in which he had believed as a boy? As he stood there, listening to the speeches of the lawyer and the doctor, he could have found it in his heart to curse his fate: she was very dear to him, and he must go away and perhaps never set eyes on her again—not just yet, however: there were business matters to be settled and instructions to be given about the estate.

"My cousin, Mr. Eldershaw, will arrange all that for me, Marion said, and Will assented cheerfully. As far as in him lay he would obey her wishes and save her trouble, and she would never know how he had hoped to say, "Come home to the Stone House and be my wife, dear Molly."

"You will find it somewhat bleak here in the winter, I should say, Miss Eldershaw," observed the doctor, rubbing his hands.

Marion replied that she had too much to do in London to think of leaving her studio for months to come.

The doctor, suddenly remembering that he was addressing an artist of some reputation, paid her a neat compliment on her last picture, and bade her recollect that an old proverb, very wisely, prohibited all work and no play.

A fly had been ordered to catch the evening express to town, and Marion rejoiced to hear the rumbling of wheels on the carriage drive. She was worn out with fatigue and exultement; she could hardly realize the great change in her circumstances; she used to wish for money and an easy life, and now it had come it only brought disappointment.

The Stone House looked dreary in the grey light; the shadows of the elms fell black across the road. The demure housekeeper curtsied deferentially in the hall; she had no smile for the new owner. The ticking of the clock sounded ghost-like in the passage as Marion passed.

With a shudder she turned to Will, who was waiting to help her into the fly. "I don't think that I shall ever feel at home here," she said.

* * * * * *

The weeks flew by, the commissions were disposed of, the picture of Elaine was well-nigh finished, and still Marion Eldershaw put off facing the fact that some day, soon, she must go down to her new property.

Will was still in England (she had given him full permission to act in his name); now everything was ready, and if he could but persuade her out of this dislike to her country home, all would be well.

One spring day, when the London hedges had become, as it were, in a few hours amazingly and vividly green, and the south wind blew lazily down the streets, Will arrived at the studio. Marion received him with delight; she had been longing to see him.

Ethel was expected; of course he must stay to dinner.

The fire had gone out—perhaps that gave an air of discomfort to the place; the lay figure's head was on the floor and its arms were extended upwards; a table was strewn with unwashed paint-brushes.

"I'm sorry it's so uncomfortable. Things do accumulate. I sometimes think life is not long enough to be tidy."

"It's all right, Molly, I don't mind, as you know; but I should think it was wretched for you: London altogether is odious in this lovely weather. Why don't you go down to the Stone House?"

"Will you come too?"

"I? Well, no, I'm afraid I can't. But look here" (his eyes rested on the picture of Elaine), "take Miss Heath; she is a delightful companion, and it would do her good to get away."

"Do you think so? I will try and make her go, and then you will come down on Saturdays?"

"I will come next Saturday, but my time is growing very short."

"Will!" exclaimed Marion suddenly, almost as if she had not heard his last remark, "what's the farm-house like?"

"Don't you remember?" he asked, reproachfully; "it is a good substantial house with plenty of room."

"We will throw out bow windows and build a wing if necessary, and then Will, dear Will, give up your other farm and come and work there and save me from the horrors of an undeserved inheritance."

It was a great temptation: his prospects in the colony were by no means brilliant. He loved the place, he loved the very sound of her voice, he—— No! it was impossible. If anything went wrong and she wanted him, he would come, wherever he was, but he could not and he would not stay for good.

"We could make it very pretty," pleaded Marion. And then, Will, you must marry. Let me find you a wife. I know so many charming girls!"

Will blushed as he took her hand in his. "Molly, you are goodness itself; but it cannot be." She would have interrupted but he went on: "I cannot afford to marry. It is a pretty dream of yours, but I must not think of it."

"You will have an income, Will, of course," she said eagerly.

"How can I accept an income which I do not earn? You do not want a manager—there is not enough to do."

He spoke so sternly that she drew away from him, half hurt.

"And besides, the proper viceroy at the Stone House will be your husband. Wait till he comes, and he will take all the trouble off your hands."

"Then I shall never have the trouble taken off my hands, for I shall die an old maid. If you will not come, I must face my responsibilities alone; but, oh! I am bitterly disappointed."

The hot tears were on her cheeks as she spoke; she put up her handkerchief hastily to wipe them away.

Will took a short turn up and down the hearth-rug.

"I believe that you are the best woman in the world," he said abruptly, "and I am a brute."

"Does that mean that you are relenting?"

"It means that I wish to tell you that I am grateful."

"'Grateful' for what you won't have, small as it is? Never mind, Will, we are old friends, and I forgive you."

Half in fun, half in earnest, she patted him on the arm: he took her hand, raised it to his lips and kissed it. She was quite sure now that his decision was irrevocable.

At the end of the week Marion, accompanied by Ethel, went down to the Stone House; about a month later Will came to say good-bye. As he entered the long disused drawing-room, he looked round in pleased surprise—flowers, books, prints and curtains had transformed the gloomy apartment into a real living-room.

"You are getting acclimatized already!" he said heartily, and she did not contradict him.

Even the approaching separation could not spoil the happiness of those few spring days. There were walks and drives and talks; Marion was wonderfully bright, Will the kindest of guides, and Ethel the most easily contented of visitors.

The sun was shining on the morning of his departure.

"She is going to stay with you, I hope?" he asked. "Ethel, I mean?"

"Yes, yes—I will do my best to keep her and make her happy. Perhaps we shall see you back before the year is out?"

"You will not see me back till my

fortune is made or making, unless you should want me."

"I want you now."

He shook his head. "You know what I mean, Molly—any real difficulty or trouble, not 'make believe,' as you used to say when you were a little girl,—then I will come. God bless you! Good-bye!"

He could not trust himself to say another word, but fairly bolted out of the house.

* * * * * *

For six months she wrote to him regularly. Then there came a break, and Ethel Heath took up the correspondence. Marion was tired, she said, or had begged her to catch the mail, and many such excuses, with which ladies are wont to fill their pages.

"I'm glad she is not alone," thought Will, and in every letter home he expressed his satisfaction that Ethel had been persuaded to stay on.

In the meantime he was working his hardest. And now, strange to say, when he had given up hope and come to regard himself as an unsuccessful man, fortune began to smile upon him.

The harvest was good and the farm did well; a young partner, who had formerly given a great deal of trouble, came into money, bought stock and settled down into hard-working industry. Some years ago Will had invested his savings in a mining company, which had never brought him in sixpence: now, all at once, a new vein of ore was discovered and the shares went up like wildfire.

One night, towards the end of February, he sat brooding by the fireside. Should he wait another year? Should he wind up his affairs and go home—now, at once? Would she be glad to see him?

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and sighed. The clatter of a horse's hoofs aroused him. His partner had just returned, bringing letters from the post, and a telegram.

"Has been fire at Stone House. Much damage done. Come if possible. Marion seriously ill.—ETHEL."

The following morning at daybreak saw him driving across country to catch the first train to Halifax, and, if possible, the next steamer for Liverpool. It was a rough passage, and there were but few people on board.

Will did not care; he was in no mood to make himself amiable to strangers. He was madly anxious to come to his journey's end; anything was better than suspense. So he thought when on board the ship; but once in the train, steaming southwards, with the familiar scenery before his eyes, he told himself that any scrap of hope was better than the knowledge that perhaps he had come too late.

Try as he would, he could not put away from him this one all-ruling thought: "Suppose it is all over, and she is dead."

Arrived in London, he drove straight to the station, and travelled down to Wiltshire by night train. He had telegraphed, but there was no carriage to meet him. It was only two miles to the house, and he resolved to walk; better to do that than to wait and knock up a sleepy ostler.

In the gray cold daylight of the March morning he came within sight of the Stone House. What a change was there! One entire wing was gutted by the fire, the windows in the long drawing-room were smashed, the frames charred and black. The trim garden was trodden under foot by men and horses; one of the elm-trees had been ablaze—it stood a branchless trunk, adding to the horror and desolation of the scene. The front door was barricaded with planks of wood; he made his way round to the back. A man came out.

"Is there no one here?" asked Will, fiercely.

"No, sir. Family's gone to the farm."

He turned away and walked to the farm-house. This, too, looked deserted—the blinds were drawn down in the upper rooms.

He knocked at the hall door—no one came; he turned the handle and entered. There was a fire in the parlor: at all events, he could see the ruddy glow and hear the crackle of wood. In the passage he came across the housekeeper, carrying the tray.

"Heart alive! Mr. Eldershaw, sir. I never expected you!"

"How is she?"

The housekeeper wiped her eyes with her apron:

"But badly, poor young lady, but badly. Oh! sir, what a calamity!"

Dimly conscious that (in spite of her grief) the old woman was thoroughly enjoying the horror of the situation, he strode past into the parlor.

A lady was writing at the table by the window. Was it Ethel? No. She jumped up and ran towards him with eager voice bidding him a thousand times welcome. It was Marion—Marion, whom he had thought to find dying—Marion's voice in his ears and the grasp of her dear hands in his.

"Will, dear Will, don't look like that! Sit down. She is much better: the doctor said so yesterday."

"Who is better? Who has been ill? What does this telegram mean?"

He took it from his pocket book. It was some slight comfort to him even now to be business-like and precise; not that he needed to read it again—the words had been ringing in his ears for many a day.

"It's a mistake," said Marion; "it is little Ethel who is ill. She caught cold the night of the fire, but she will soon be well again, indeed she will. I sent the telegram."

"Molly," he said hoarsely—the joy of seeing her again after the long period of suspense had almost broken down his power of endurance—"Molly, I thought you were seriously ill. I thought so ever since I read the telegram, and have been schooling myself to bear it. Gracious!" he cried, drawing her round to the light so that he could better see her face, "what would have become of me if I had found you dead?"

She looked up and read the truth in his eyes; she heard it in every tone of his voice. It was for her sake that he had endured such grief that his face was changed with suffering.

He had given his love and his honest heart to his old playfellow; how could she have been so blind? Did she love him? Ay, truly.

She knew that, all unwittingly, she had deceived herself and him. She had tried to plot and plan out his life for him, and had failed to see what was as clear as daylight before her.

"Will, forgive me!" That was all she could say.

It was quite enough. He took her in his arms: his doubts and his pride and his poverty were clean forgotten. They understood each other at last.

At the Eleventh Hour.

BY BERTIE BOYLE.

AND must I go, Squire, from the place I have so long called my house? Will you not take the word of him whom for thirty years your father never doubted?"

"I suppose you are telling me what you believe to be the truth," was the reply; "but you admit that you can show no legal title to this property and I have already arranged for having an observatory built upon it, as it commands the finest view on the estate."

Nathan Grange crushed a long, bitter sigh; then, after a pause, spoke again.

"How much longer can I stay here, sir?"

"Until the workmen are ready to begin pulling down, which will be in about ten days. Of course, I shall make no account of the back rent."

And Squire Clayton left the cottage, and walked briskly away.

It was, indeed, as the Squire had said, the finest view on the estate. The little cottage nestled like a sea-gull against the side of the cliff, its tiny strip of garden bright all summer long with flowers; while in front a short, rocky, and precipitous path led down to a pebbly beach, washed by the waters of the beautiful bay, at the father side of which was a lighthouse, whose friendly beacon shone at night like a star over the waters.

Tied to companion stakes were two boats, one firmly built and serviceable, showing its staunch resistance to many a rough encounter with winds and waves, the other a fairy-like little craft, on the stern of which glittered in golden letters the fantastic name of "Water Witch."

The room in which the interview just described took place, presented an aspect not only of scrupulous neatness, but refinement, and even elegance.

A handsome piano and well-filled music stand—a gift of the former Squire—stood against one wall, on which hung, in a beautifully carved frame, a crayon sketch of the little cottage and the bay, its waves dashing high upon the strand, while some distance out appeared an upturned boat and two figures battling with the waves.

Besides these were a set of book-shelves, also beautifully carved, together with various other attractive and tasteful articles.

The cottage, which originally stood just outside the limits of the estate, had been purchased by the former Squire, and afterwards improved and enlarged by the addition of another room, whose two tiny windows were adorned with a living garland of luxuriant ivy.

"Twenty-five years ago this very night, at the risk of my life, I saved the young heir, whose birthday feast would else have been turned into a funeral wail," said Grange, breaking the silence which had followed the Squire's departure. "And his father told me, when I laid his rescued child in his arms, that neither his life nor that of his son would be long enough to repay the debt of gratitude. And now that son comes to turn me from the home his father said should belong for ever to me and mine. With his own hand the old Squire gave me that deed, which now, in some strange, mysterious way, is lost, and my word avails nothing. I must go. And why?"

As if in answer to this question, a clear, fresh voice broke upon the air, trilling a love-song in tones so full of fervent and tender pathos, that Nathan Grange buried his face in his hands with a groan.

Thirty before, Nathan Grange had become a tenant at the little cottage, after having lost his fortune.

In the former Squire Clayton, Grange had found a patron and a friend, who in various ways furnished him more than enough employment to pay his small rent; and by his genius and artistic skill in wood carving he earned enough to provide for the simple wants of himself and his wife.

So had passed ten years, marked by no incident of note except the one referred to—saving the life of the young heir. Soon after that event the young Squire had married and gone abroad, and at the end of the next year there came tidings of a son born to them.

He continued, however, to reside abroad, only returning occasionally for a brief visit to his home.

Two years more passed, when, on a lovely summer Sabbath, while sea and sky seemed joining in a thanksgiving anthem, the feeble yet thrilling voice of a new life was heard in the little cottage; and lifting his infant daughter in his arms, Nathan Grange turned his face towards the smiling sea, and blessed the Giver who had sent him that treasure.

In the chapel near by, the little "sea-maiden," as Nathan loved to call her, received the baptismal name of Marina. Squire Clayton stood as her godfather, and after the service took her in his arms and kissed her, and placed in her tiny hand a fifty-pound note.

Until her sixteenth year, Marina remained at home, acquiring such knowledge as would be gained there, or from the library at the Hall, where she was always welcome.

Her father's talent for carving reappeared in her in the form of a love for drawing; and the picture to which we have alluded, commemorating her father's heroism in saving the life of the young Squire, was among her earliest efforts.

About that time, however, Squire Clayton, observing his little god-daughter's thirst for knowledge, added to his christening gift, sacredly kept by her father, enough to give her a three years' course at a distant semi-nary, from which she returned a tall, elegant girl, with an air of easy and graceful refinement that many a titled might lady have envied.

The welcome she received from the old Squire was as cordial and earnest as that of her own parents.

He listened with keen delight to her playing and singing, and marked her progress in other accomplishments.

Then, as she rose to take leave of him, he gathered her in his arms, as when a smiling infant, and pressing a kiss upon her snow-white brow, exclaimed, with deep emotion, "God bless thee, my daughter!"

And Marina went home with the echo of those words in her heart, for they seemed like a whisper from the unrevealed future.

Two weeks glided happily by, when, at a late hour one night, Marina and her parents were summoned to the hall, where their old patron and friend was lying, prostrated by a paralytic stroke.

He was already speechless, and could barely move one hand, which he placed in that of Marina, then passed away, his eyes fixed upon her face to the last with a look of deep yearning that could never be forgotten.

A telegram sent to his son, then in the south of Italy, brought back a response that the health of his wife would not permit him to leave her at present, nor would she be able to come to England before the following summer.

A few weeks later, however, a new face appeared at the Hall—one who now bore the name of the young Squire, and came as an advance courier of his father.

Among the first to welcome him was Nathan Grange, to whom the "bonny boy," as he called him, seemed to be his grandfather's very self, reproduced in the bloom of youth.

With fond admiration, Nathan noted young Herbert's skill as he guided the beautiful Water Witch, while listening eagerly to Marina's sweet voice floating over the placid waters in the golden autumn days, as she sang songs which the Squire declared sounded sweeter to him than any he had heard from the lips of prima donnas under Italian skies.

And, ere many weeks had passed, Nathan realized that a new voice had spoken to the heart of his innocent child—a voice which, once heard, is never silenced or forgotten.

No open avowal had been made; but in language more subtle, more eloquent than spoken words, each had confessed the secret that united their hearts.

But the summer came, bringing the Squire, proud, stern-faced and haughty, with no trace of the generous good fellowship that had characterized his early years; and in the bearing of the new master, Nathan saw no encouragement for the hopes he was cherishing in behalf of his beloved child.

The blow came all too soon. The proud man immediately discovered and denounced what he called the insane infatuation of his son, and vowed to find some antidote, fair or foul.

He could not forget that he owed his life to the man against whom his hatred was now turned, or ignore his father's generous acknowledgement of that service. But he had discovered that the deed had never been recorded, and soon learned Nathan's candid admission that the deed had in some way been lost, apparently beyond recovery.

With well stimulated sympathy, the Squire had given Grange a few days more in which to find the deed if he could; and at the time of our story the last day of grace had expired.

While we have been giving these explanatory statements, Nathan had been standing like a statue of despair, gazing out upon the bay. Rousing himself, he caught up his hat.

"I must put off the evil hour still longer! I cannot speak the words that will break the heart of my child! Perhaps the friendly waves will whisper the secret that memory so cruelly withholds."

Descending to the beach with rapid, nervous strides, he stepped into a boat and pushed off. Absorbed in his painful thoughts, he took no note of time, until the sound of the incoming tide and a sensation of unusual weariness admonished him to return.

With languid strokes he urged the boat homeward; but while some distance from shore, one of the oars slipped from his nerveless grasp. By a quick, incautious movement to recover it he upset the boat, and at the next instant was struggling in the waves.

When in full health and vigor, the accident would have been a trivial one; but now his mind and body were enervated and worn down by the harrowing anxiety of the past week.

The chill of approaching death was upon him, when like a panoramic vision, his whole life passed in review, and a faint but thrilling cry burst from his lips.

"Oh, Heaven! I see it now! The deed—the deed! Oh, must I die here in sight of my home, which my dear ones then must lose?"

Raising with an almost superhuman effort his drooping face he turned towards the little cottage.

But the mist gathered darker and deeper before his home, its outlines were fading from his view, and once more he felt himself sinking slowly down to death.

Did he feel a hand meet and grasp his own in that last fateful moment? The rolling waves, singing their death-dirge in his ears, gave no response.

* * * * * *

With the sound of the tide still ringing in his ears, Nathan Grange awoke to the life that had been so mercifully preserved. Then the sound changed to one of low but passionate sobbing; and turning his head with an effort, he beheld his daughter in the close embrace of the young Squire, her face hidden on his shoulder.

In that dreadful moment of supposed bereavement she had realized only the fact that one still remained to support and comfort her, and she had sought that last refuge with the impetuous boldness of terror and despair.

But Herbert's quick eye had caught the movement; and bending his face to that of the fair girl, he exclaimed, "Look up, darling! He lives—he lives!"

And in another moment Marina's arms were about her father's neck and her grateful tears bathing his pillow.

"Yes; lives, thank God!" said Nathan, as soon as he could gather strength to speak; and turning to his wife, who was bending over him from the other side—"lives to preserve this dear home! Susie, bring me the picture that hangs above the piano."

With joyful alacrity his wife obeyed, and in a moment more it was in his hands; and drawing out a portion of the back, he produced the missing deed.

"You remember, wife, how, two years ago, in that dreadful storm that came, while our little sea-maiden was away at school, this picture fell to the floor. In my drowning struggle out yonder in the bay, I remember that, when mending it, it occurred to me what a good and appropriate place it would be to keep the deed, and I fixed this sliding-piece and laid the paper in. Oh, what a blessed, happy misfortune that brought back to me the remembrance so long withheld! And you, dear lad?" he added, turning to the young Squire, who was watching the scene with glistening eyes, "my heart tells me that it was your hand that grasped mine and drew me from that watery grave."

"Yes, thank God!" said Herbert, fervently. "I have been permitted to repay the debt of gratitude my father owed you for a similar service. While returning from a business errand, I was approaching the cottage, when, as I neared the bay, I saw some one struggling in the waves; and urging my horse forward with all possible speed, I reached the bay and plunged in, just in time to grasp your hand as you were disappearing. As soon as I reached shore, I sent a man, who was fortunately within hail, for a doctor, and then we set to work to do what we could to restore you. Ah! here he is now."

The physician entered at that moment but while he was listening to the case, the sound of hurried feet was heard outside, and a messenger entered to summon Herbert to the death-bed of his father.

In riding home from the village, whither he had gone after his interview with Grange, the Squire's horse had stumbled and fallen, throwing him to the ground, and inflicting mortal injuries. The summons included Nathan and his daughter; but as her father was too weak to make the effort, Marina accompanied her lover to his father's presence.

In a few words the Squire learned that there was no need for the tardy justice he would fain bestow; then, kneeling beside his bed, the lovers received his sanction and dying blessing upon their union.

A year after his death, which was soon followed by that of his wife, Marina stood beside her lover, in the little chapel where she had received the baptismal rite, and took upon herself the sacred vows of marriage.

Nathan Grange and his wife continued to live in the little cottage, asking no higher happiness or privilege than the knowledge that their dearly-cherished child was the loved and honored mistress of Clayton Hall.

A PARIS paper says that if you want your children to have pretty teeth you must begin with the second dentition to press back with the finger every morning the teeth which have a tendency to project forward and to pull forward those which tend backward. As a wash—boil in a tumblerful of water a pinch of quassia wood with a pinch of pulverized cocoa. It strengthens the gums and whitens the teeth without injuring the enamel which covers the bone. Wash the mouth after each meal with lukewarm boiled water.

Better Than Gold.

BY H. T. JOHNSON.

HIS name was Scrubbs. They called him Wormwood Scrubbs. Not his godfathers and godmothers, because at the time of their making his acquaintance, his disposition was not fully developed; but those who came in contact with him later in his life declared unanimously, that let his name be Scrubbs or Tubbs, Wormwood was his nature.

An iron-gray man of sixty, though the sombre cast of his features made him appear a decade older. Hard as iron, rough as a rock, seemingly with no sympathy either for the weaknesses or the woes of his fellow-creatures.

Children never approached him, repelled by the cloud that overcast his features; beggars looked at his face and passed mutely by, giving him up as a bad job, deeming their time too precious to be wasted on so discouraging a subject. A solitary man, for the bark of the old trunk was too rough and knotted for woman's influence to reach the heart. Not that he was ineligible, for he was wealthy, but he chose to live a lonely life, unloving and unloved, holding friendship a fiction, happiness a myth, human nature a fraud.

If anyone had asked him the secret of his morbid discontent, he probably would have told them to mind their own business; if he had asked himself the question, I think he would have answered "Gold."

Yes, gold! The thing so many hope for, live for, die for. That which is the dream of so many was Scrubb's nightmare. Everything that he could buy he scorned, and he thought everything could be bought. He did not himself worship Mammon, but he was the priest at its shrine, and as he watched genius, learning, art, and beauty, prostrate before the altar, he spurned them.

If sympathetic relations enquired after his health, he invariably replied that it was a matter of no concern to them, as they were not mentioned in his will, and on receiving a birthday present from an impecunious cousin, Scrubbs returned it with a note that he had an objection to encouraging pointless speculations.

The only person who seemed to have found a soft corner in the old man's heart was his nephew, Charlie Thorpe, the only son of Scrubb's dead sister, and a great deal of Scrubb's time was occupied in alternately striking out and restoring to his will the name of this young gentleman, who owed a great deal of his popularity with his uncle to the fact that he never by word or deed sought to conciliate him.

Once at a dinner party, Scrubbs, after a deal of deliberation, tipped Charlie (then a lad of sixteen) half an eagle an act of spontaneous liberality which caused considerable astonishment, not unmixed with consternation, among the company, most of whom were relatives.

"Don't go and waste it," growled the donor.

"No fear," answered Charlie; "I am going to put it on Barley Corn for the Pewter Cup," whereupon the hands and eyes of the company went up in simultaneous horror.

"I didn't think you were going to make a fool of yourself when I gave it," snapped Scrubbs.

"Then you'd better take it back. I didn't ask you for it," replied Charlie.

Scrubbs didn't take it back, but he took the cheeky straight-forward lad into his favor from that day forward, thinking that at last he had found a human being who, if he was a fool, at all events was no hypocrite.

The boy became a man, or, as Scrubbs put it, the little fool became a big one. Although he consistently disregarded his uncle's whims and wishes, somehow he managed to keep in his good graces, so much so that on his twenty-first birthday Scrubbs astonished his delighted, or if you prefer it, delighted his astonished nephew by announcing his intention of establishing him in a lucrative business.

"Splendid stroke of luck for me, uncle," said the grateful Charlie, "just as I'm contemplating matrimony."

"Contemplating the demon!" Scrubbs roared, as he hated women, if possible, more than he did men.

"Oh dear, no. An angel of the other sort. Fanny, my sweetheart, is the dearest little girl in the world. She's as pretty as a picture, and as good as gold."

"Pretty as a picture, eh? But pretty pictures want gilded frames; and as good as gold—ah! you're like the rest—gold is your standard of excellence as well as theirs. What fortune has she got?"

"She's a fortune in herself, otherwise she is as luckless as yours truly. In fact, while nature has made her a perfect little lady, fate has made her only a governess."

"A governess, eh? With the airs of a duchess, and the salary of a scullery-maid! And you think that two empty heads, even with two empty purses, are better than one. Now, unders and me: you'll oblige me up this idea, or I give up you. Matrimony's bad enough at any time, late in life it's a farce, but early matrimony I consider a tragedy. Don't argue the point, sir; I've said my say! Good-night. Not another syl——!" and as the disconsolate Charlie bent his steps up the little street leading to the Strand, the grim old conspirator, watching him through the window, snarled, "As good as gold, eh? But which will he relinquish? He's like the rest—he'll let her go to clutch at the gold—just like the rest of them!"

* * * * * *

"It's rather disrespectful to say so, but your uncle seems to be a perfect ogre, Charlie!"

"Uncomplimentary to his family, nevertheless, unfortunately, alas, too true! Just like the article they lay on in the pantomimes, who enters to the sound of the hautboy big drum, and whose energies are devoted to frustrating the bliss of the paragon prince——"

"That's you."

"And the peerless peri—that's you. As for the ogre, emphatically, if ungrammatically, that's him."

"But, Charlie, you mustn't blight your prospects for my sake. It would be hard for us to part, but I couldn't bear you some day to tell me—not that you would, but I couldn't bear to think that I had spoiled your prospects, and ruined your hopes."

"Fanny——"

"Let me go. It's best for us—at all events, it's best for you. Good-bye!"

And she was gone. Her slim white figure vanished in the deepening gloom, and Charlie stood on the Serpentine bridge alone, gazing into the darkened waters till the stars gleamed in them from the night above.

"Perhaps Uncle Scrubbs is right in his estimate of workmen," thought he, some days later. "Very likely Fanny thought that, although as Scrubbs's heir-expectant I might be a fish worth hooking, with no further hopes than my own modest capabilities, I might not be worth bringing to the bank. The old man's right."

And when Charlie moodily informed him that his love affair was at an end, Wormwood Scrubbs snarled to himself, "He's like the rest, and gold rules him as well as the others. Yes, gold, stronger than love! Bah! Love's a little boy, the poets say, but Gold's a giant. Yes, the old man's right."

After the above-related episode Scrubbs seemed to grow surlier, shabbier, and generally more dreadful. So far from his nephew's deference to his wishes (for he considered it improving that young man's position in his good books), the effect was the contrary, and Charlie receded from the position of first favorite to that of a rank outsider.

One wet, miserable night, Scrubbs, feeling even more dismal than usual, was struck in passing by the spectacle of a hungry-looking wretch gazing, as Tantalus might have gazed at the grapes above his reach, upon the cooked meats, "so near, and yet so far," that were arrayed inside a shop window. "That's the sort of plight I should be in if I depended on those who make a fuss of me, because they know I'm rich and think I shan't live long. Yes, I might stand in the street and starve like that poor wretch, and nobody'd give me a copper. Hallo!"

A gentle-looking girl was passing by. A pitying look beamed in her eyes, as she saw the hungry man gazing in the shop window. She looked in her purse; there was a quarter—alas! her last and only one! Cruel necessity! that so often nips blessed charity in its bud. She paused. One more glance at the haggard cheeks, the sunken eyes. Ah! charity conquers! and, with something like a feeling of shame, the rich man sees her press the coin in the poor man's palm—and speed away!

And the hungry tramp gazed first on the bright white coin in his hand, then on the joint in the window, and then, as if by a mental effort, turned from the window and entered a public house hard by, to satisfy a craving stronger even than wolfish hunger.

"Ah!" said Scrubbs, swelling with a sense of superior sapiency, "I'll just follow that young person, and point out the result of her stupidity." She had crossed the road. Scrubbs followed, not noticing a swift-approaching hansom. There was a shout, a thud, one or two women's screams, a clatter of hoofs, a crowd that seemed to have formed by magic, and Scrubbs was lifted from under the horse's hoofs, battered, bruised, bleeding, and unconscious.

"Take him to the doctor's; there, where the red lamp is!" was the chorus; and poor Scrubbs was taken into a druggist's, where they discovered that, besides a severe shock he had sustained a simple fracture of the leg.

"Where do you live? Will you go to the hospital?" he was asked.

And the white, quivering lips muttered: "Let me rest; don't move me. I'll pay you well. I'll give you gold, gold, g—o—old!"

He was taken up-stairs into a comfortable bed-room, and his injuries promptly and skillfully attended to. For some days he lay in a semi-stupor, and on regaining consciousness became aware of a slim, white form; then a sweet, pitying face that hovered about him, attending to his wants, answering his querulous wailings, and, by look, word, and action, soothing his sufferings: and Scrubbs, by-and-bye, began to reflect and repent of the many bitter things he had said and thought of womankind.

"Whom have I to thank for so much kindness?" he asked one day, as the doctor was leaving his room.

"My name's Splints—Samuel Splints, M. R.C.S., and this young lady acts as governess to my little children, though she has supplanted her duties by nursing you. Mr. Scrubbs—Miss Meredith, etc."

And Scrubbs, looking again at the sweet, kind eyes, recognized the young lady whose undeserved unfortunate misgiving he had meant to chide. He pressed the cool, white little hand that so gently smoothed his pillow, or bathed his forehead, and looking in her face, said:

"It's a good job I got smashed up, my dear. I never knew what the world was like till lately. I always thought it as hard and as cold as—myself."

There was a knock at the door.

"Ah, Charlie, my boy! Found me? Yes, lad, I'm all right now, thank God; I had a bad accident, but I've been well taken care of. What the deuce are you doing? Hi? What's all this about? Of all the impudence!"

Indeed, Charlie's greeting of his uncle's nurse was not exactly conventional. Clasping that young lady's waist, Charlie murmured:

"Fanny, you darling! I've found you at last. Why did you leave me? My prospects be hanged! I have no prospects without you."

Scrubbs set his nephew up in business after all, and when Charlie married Fanny Meredith, his uncle settled a nice little dowry on that young lady. Indeed, everybody said that old Scrubbs' catastrophe had made a new and better man of him.

Shortly after the wedding Charlie gave a house-warming at the old gentleman's expense, and Scrubbs insisted on testifying to Splints' surgical skill by dancing with each lady in the party, and delighted the company by singing a song of his own composition, the air of which it puzzled even that accomplished pianist, Herr Strumkey, whom he had engaged, to "vamp to", and the leading theme of which was that when gold and silver treasures had passed away, the memory and influence of good deeds lingered still.

And years afterwards, Scrubbs—no longer Wormwood by name or nature—would sit with little children on his knees, and tell them how someone they knew and loved, had years ago, by the spell of her gentle purity, cleft the rock of a rugged old man's heart and loosed the springs of human love to light and life.

"Gold is strong for good or evil, but the love of human-kind is stronger still. Gold is bright, but loving eyes are brighter. Gold is good, but a loving heart is better than gold."

AN ACT OF THANKSGIVING.—Since this country was first settled, almost, it has become a custom of its people to set one day specially apart from all the rest, for the purpose of giving thanks. Of course, by this, it is not intended that the turning of the heart heavenwards for twenty-hours, as it were, is going to make up thoroughly for all the devotion due in a twelve-month. Not by any means. Its object is rather to particularly mark, or emphasize the spirit that should manifest itself in all hearts every day of the three hundred and sixty-five, in much the same way as it is taken to be incumbent upon men, though decently and cleanly clad at all times, as circumstances will permit, to have yet a special suit, where possible, for festival occasions and Sundays.

And Thanksgiving Day is one of the grandest of these festival occasions. It is a jubilee of the year when the soul looks behind, around, before, and above, and seeks, in dutiful outpourings of petition and of praise, to acknowledge that the Great Master has well and justly ordered the Universe in His keeping. It is a time when the value of Christian feeling, expectation, and resignation is at its highest. For, while there may be clouds in many lives that seem to shut out at least all chance of worldly joy, the true Spirit gives thanks for the lessons of hope and patience inculcated. And where there seems to reign bliss and plenty unbounded, gratitude for such blessings should be given in the measure that the Wise Disposer of events has ordained it so. But whatever one's lot or position there is call for thanks to God, that whatever is, was, or is to be, "He doeth all things well".

D.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES.—Dido, Queen of Tyre, about seven centuries before Christ, after her husband had been put to death by her brother, fled from that city and established a colony on the north coast of Africa. Having bargained with the savages for as much land as could be surrounded by a bull's hide, she cut the hide into narrow strips, tied them together, and claimed the land that could be surrounded with the hide thus made. She was allowed to have her way, and now, when one plays a sharp trick, he is said to "cut a dido".

A tailor of Samarcand, Asia, who lived on a street leading to the burying ground, kept near his shop an earthen pot, in which he was accustomed to deposit a pebble whenever a body was carried by to its final resting place. Finally the tailor died: and seeing the shop deserted, a person inquired what had become of its former occupant. "He has gone to put himself," was the reply by one of the deceased's neighbors.

During a battle between the Russians and Tartars a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a Tartar." "Bring him along," said the officer. "He won't let me," was the response. Investigation proved that the captive had the captor by the arm and would not allow him to move. So, "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too powerful for him.

While lying on the gridiron over a slow fire, St. Lawrence—in whose honor the Escurial was built by Philip II.—said to the Emperor, who was watching his sufferings, "This side is done, now turn over." Hence, "Done to a turn."

Formerly, in London, when a small dealer bought bread of the baker, for every dozen loaves purchased he was given an extra loaf as his profit, from which circumstance "a baker's dozen" signifies thirteen. Various origins have been assigned the phrase, but the above is the only one that is based on a sure foundation.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An American gentleman who has recently traveled through Japan, says that the Japanese will in a few years be the greatest railroad builders of the world. As yet there are only 370 miles of railroad in Japan, but many roads are projected. The Japanese are good railroad patrons; for even when they have no business to transact they will ride back and forth on the railroad until they have spent their last cent. And the beggars in the large towns nearly always spend the money which they get on a railroad trip.

A Boston man who, until he was forty, lived an economic, hard working life, and one which was both happy and useful, had the misfortune at that time to inherit from a relative a fortune of some millions. He was instantly overwhelmed with importunities from all sides. Gifted with an acutely sensitive conscience, he was not only anxious to do good with his wealth, but he was almost morbidly afraid that through ignorance or carelessness he should do harm with it. He investigated with the most painful care the cases presented to him, and he literally agonized over the things he desired to do, and those that he was urged to do. Two years of this worry killed him. The attending physician remarked that the certificate of death should have been filled out, "Died of his money."

A statement giving an approximation of the number of Chinese arrivals and departures from 1852 to June 30, 1887, has been prepared for the use of Congress. The total arrivals within the dates mentioned were 335,274, and the departures 196,273, leaving 139,001 Chinese in the country who arrived at this port. This is considered short by 60,000. Prior to August 5, 1882, when the Restriction Act went into effect, there arrived 208,700, and departed 136,475. During the half year from January 1st to June 30, 1887, 11,147 arrived, and 8782 went away. These figures will be used at the coming session of Congress, when the Pacific Coast delegation will endeavor to press through that body anti Chinese legislation of a more thoroughly restrictive character.

A Parisian physician told me, says a writer in one of the leading magazines, that in France the commonest kind of excess is what is called that of the people. This is not drunkenness nor anything like it, but steadily maintained, mild alcoholic excitement, which does great injury to health in course of time. The art of gentlemanly drinking has been reduced in France to a learned programme for every day, in which there is a scientifically ordered succession of wines, spirits, beer and liquors, each at its most seasonable hour. The observer of these rites lives in a state of alcoholic pleasure without ever in any way disgracing himself. At night he has a "glass of water" in his bedroom to quench thirst if he awakes. What is called a "glass of water" is usually a very pretty glass tray, with a decanter for water, a little sugar basin and a goblet. This description is, however, incomplete. I ought not to forget a smaller decanter, carefully filled with cognac brandy.

A correspondent sends particulars of a curious Passover custom in Algeria. He says: "During the Passover week, in the present year, I noticed that many of the houses in the Jew quarter in Oran and in Tlemcen were marked on the outside with the impressions of the human hand. These impressions were in different colors—red, black, yellow or blue, and in no instance, as well as I can recollect, were they either upon the side posts of the doors or upon the lintels, but always upon the walls of the houses. In some cases there was one impression only, in others there were as many as five; and, further, in others they were arranged somewhat in the form of a branch, having three hands at the summit, and three at each of the sides. This custom does not appear to be known among the American Jews, for after many inquiries, I have met with none who have even heard of it." The correspondent asks: "Is it not an outgrowth or survival from that ceremony which was performed on the night of the flight of the Israelites from Egypt? And may not the branch-like figure be symbolical of the bunch of hyssop?"

The summer residence of the President of the French Republic might well pass for the country house of a well-to-do village notary. It is an unpretentious two-storied building. The bedrooms and the President's study are on the first floor, the corresponding space downstairs being occupied by three rooms of far from extravagant dimensions—the dining-room, the furniture of which dates from thirty years back at least, and is of the plainest description. It opens on to the terrace in front of the house, where M. Grevy regularly spends the afternoon. He sleeps on to it the moment the dinner is over, and after first indulging in the luxury of a cup of coffee and a pipe—for M. Grevy is quite as fond of a pipe as the Duc d'Aumale—he is accessible to all comers. He chats freely with his visitors, and if he meets a scholar among them airs his stores of classical erudition reciting lines of Sophocles and Virgil. Yesterday I met with one of his book-worm friends, an appreciative student of "early to bed and early to rise," in fact President Grevy's motto, and it is in the long mornings which constitute his leisure at his disposal that he disentangles the work of his official business.

Our Young Folks.

SAILOR JACK.

E. W. WATERWORTH.

LET me tell you first how Mary came to be living in a mill, then I'll tell you something about the mill itself and about little Mary too.

Mary's father, then, had been a sailor in the days of his youth. He had served his country and his Queen well, and retired at last with honors—a silver medal with many clasps, half-a-crown a day and a wooden leg.

I am not sure that he was not quite as proud of that wooden leg as he was of his medal with all its clasps. He always ended his story of this somewhat as follows:

"Yes, my dears, that was a fight too; but we thrashed the foe, and just as the doctor had finished binding up my wounds the shout of victory went sky-high, and shook every timber in the old "Temeraire." What cared I then for the loss of a leg—no, nor two if it had come to that."

But, you see, Jack Bowling's wooden leg had been of one great use to him; it enabled him to retire from the service. Not that Jack did not love the sea, for he was a true sailor every inch, but he likewise loved the shore, and when asked the reason answered thus—

"Because," Jack would say, "I was born on shore, and my mother before me; and, besides, I've a sweetheart on shore."

Jack heaved many a sigh though when he thought that perhaps his sweetheart would not look at him now. Ah, but he was joyfully mistaken, for she loved him all the more because he had proved himself a hero.

When this honest sailor got married, his home was a very humble one, and a very happy one, especially when baby Mary opened two pretty blue eyes, and began to wonder at all she saw around her.

When Mary was about three years of age she lost her mother. She was too young to know the extent of such a loss; but she saw her poor father bowed down with grief, and marked the tears that chased each other over his poor weather-beaten cheeks as she sat on his knee.

Her heart was touched, and she tried to console him in her own childish, prattling fashion.

"I'll be so dood, pa," she said, throwing her arms around his neck; "and I will take care of you now."

Sorrow seldom comes singly. Sailor Jack, as the neighbors called him, had pinched and saved for years to furnish the shop and house he occupied when his wife was called away.

Not much of a place was it—situated, too, in one of the noisiest neighborhoods of Newcastle, where great carts and wagons were forever rumbling up and down the streets by day; where noisy children screamed and shouted, or danced in a ring around the organ-grinder; where starving dogs went prowling around dust mounds; and where a melancholy cat sat in almost every doorway, with marks of cinder holes in her tabby coat that showed where she had been sleeping all night.

Mary, also, had a splendid large tabby pussy, and a happier looking cat did not live in the street. Mary always shared her bread and milk with him, and there was not even one burned hole in all his pretty jacket.

No, sorrows seldom come singly, and one night the terrible cry of "fire! fire! fire!" rang through the still streets, accompanied every now and then with the clang of the policeman's staff against the doors, as he woke the inhabitants of the adjoining houses.

Jack Bowling sprang from his couch; the fire was in the very next building, and smoke and sparks were rushing in clouds past the windows.

He rushed into Mary's room. The heat here was stifling. The window-frame had already begun to blaze, and the glass to crack.

He seized the child, and made his way to the street. A neighbor took charge of her, while Jack flew back through the flames to save some valuables—his wife's portrait, and some curiosities of his from abroad.

The roof fell as he hauled his sea chest into the street.

Poor Jack! His all was gone now. And he was in debt. A shilling a day at least must be set aside to pay his creditors. Yes, and Jack did so; for he had the heart of a true sailor.

One little room now was all they had, and it was a sadly squalid place.

Here, for three long years, Jack and little Mary dragged out a weary life. Then his only solace, his little Mary, began to pale and pine.

Jack's navy pride rebelled against having a club doctor. He sent for one of the best physicians in town.

The great man drew up in his carriage before Jack's humble door, very much to the astonishment of the neighbors, and the delight of the street arabs.

"It is a most unsavory neighborhood," said the doctor; "the child will never get well here. It is fresh air she needs—fresh air, my man, and lots of it. Medicine will do her no good. Give her nourishment as much as she can take. But as you say you can't remove, I am unable to give you much hope of the case. No, no, no, my good fellow. Put up your purse. I will have no fee."

Jack's face got a little red, but he was too polite to resist the great doctor's kindness.

He thanked the great man, and away he rolled in his dark shining chariot amidst the shouts and hurrahs of the street children.

Very sad indeed was poor Jack Bowling now. He took up his old Bible that had traveled the wide world over with him; but it told him that young and old must die, though it pointed to a bright beyond where there would never be any more sorrow or crying.

He glanced towards the bed. Mary was lying there, very still, and pussy's head was pillowed on her knee.

"Oh!" he cried to himself, "I cannot bear to lose her! Can nothing save my child?"

"Rat-tat-tat." It was a knock at Jack's door.

The next moment there entered, all unbidden, a tall, much-bronzed gentleman, with white hair, and a silver-mounted walking stick.

"Ah, Jack! my old ship-mate! so I have found you at last. Just met Dr. Willing, and he told me all about it."

"Captain Simpson, sir!" cried Jack. "Well, I am glad."

"Jack Bowling," was the reply, "you want to go to the country. I am going to help you. Rent in arrears, eh?"

Jack's face fell.

"No man need to offer me money," he said; "that I can never repay."

"Spoken like a man and a sailor, Jack, and I won't insult your pride. But, lad, there's good fortune in store for you. What say you to living in a windmill? Like a lighthouse, you know. Well, lad, you'll clear out of here to-morrow. The old mill is ready for a tenant. I'll send my carriage for Mary. Never knew I lived so near, eh? Good-bye. No thanks. Good-bye—good-bye."

And off went Captain Simpson.

And then, and not till then, did poor Jack break down, and tears fell fast and thick on the old Bible that still lay on his knee.

"And Mary will live!"

It was all he could say as he glanced towards the bed.

Captain Simpson's place was away down in the country; not very large. But he had five hundred acres of shooting, and up on the hill among the beautiful woods, so green in the sweet spring time, so rich in brown and red and gold in autumn, stood the old windmill.

It was a wooden octagon building; the roof had been removed, and thatch had taken its place, for it was now a keeper's house. And Jack Bowling was to be the keeper. And a happy man indeed was Jack.

Once settled among the woods little Mary began to get better every day, and was soon able to sit up on a couch by the window and look outwards at the lovely view.

It was early May; every bush and tree was filled with the song of birds. Hovering over the woods, poised high in the air, an occasional kestrel hawk was to be seen; the rooks, noisy and argumentative, were feeding their young in the swaying elm tree, while skywards, fluttering against a snowy cloudlet, and filling the firmament with the sweetest melody, a lark was dimly visible.

But away out yonder was the blue and lovely sea, dotted here and there with sails, and here and there a steamer, with a dark trailing wreath of smoke behind her.

"It was just like living in a lighthouse," Jack said, and the next thing to being at sea, a light-house life Jack thought was the best.

Jack's duties were not heavy and he felt happy now. What a change from the din, the dust and the squalor of life in the grimy city!

Mary was soon restored to health, and became the pet of all the poor people round about.

"It was like sunshine," they said, "to see her merry face peeping around the door-post."

Well, it is a long lane that has no turning; Mary's troubles are over for a time, at all events. In all her wanderings through woods and wilds she is accompanied by faithful Tom, her tabby cat.

I saw the two of them only the other day, Mary looking out of her charming little window, bedraped as it is with pretty curtains and surrounded by flowering creepers and grape-vines, and pussy blinking in the bright sunshine, and I could not help thinking that life in an old windmill even must be very enjoyable when there is peace and contentment.

THE PEACOCKS' VICTORY.

QUARRELSOME? No, I don't think this can fairly be said of the peacock, though people have been a little hard upon it.

They have noticed its beauty and its own consciousness of its loveliness, and have straightway made the bird an emblem of pride and vanity. But, probably, it is just as pleased—no more and no less—as girls and boys are when they are dressed "in their best." And that, surely, is very harmless.

Now I will tell you a story which came to my knowledge not long ago, and which will show you that the peacock can, when it likes, be brave and unselfish. You are aware that the bird is a favorite object for the adornment of parks and gardens.

Well, then, among the cherished pets of a country-house in Scotland were two splendid peacocks and a cat. It is perhaps singular, but it is nevertheless true, that these creatures were on excellent terms with one another, and often were to be seen in each other's company in the grounds of this mansion.

While the peacocks, with measured pace and slow, strutted to and fro in all their wonted dignity, puss, on its part, tore up and down the trees or scampered madly over the grass. In no sort of awe did the cat stand of its magnificent friends.

It was sometimes observed making believe to be asleep on the lawn, but whenever the gorgeous tails came within touch it gave a sudden "grab" at them—which proved both that it was wider awake than it seemed to be, and also that in its eyes the tails, despite their beauty, were after all only tails.

On a fine summer morning, a lady happened to be looking out on the garden, when a shrill cry of distress—fell on her ear; and in a few moments she saw the cat crouching over a dark object, which at first she could not distinguish.

But the signal notes of alarm had also reached the peacocks, and they speedily put in an appearance with feathers ruffled and necks outstretched, and exhibiting other signs of angry excitement.

No sooner did they behold the poor victim in pussy's ruthless paws than they both darted at the cat, and with a few sturdy, well-applied pecks forced it to drop a young thrush. The little thing managed to hop off into a flower-bed, and then its rescuers strolled away.

The cat, however, was not to be so easily cheated of its prey, for it stole round the bed and in a minute had the thrush in its power again, as loud squeaking too surely announced.

Once more the peacocks rushed to the rescue, and once more success crowned their efforts. Still, pussy's perseverance was as strong as ever. Biding its time, it waited while the wounded thrush hopped off with painful steps, and then it went after it.

But the peacocks, too, had been on the alert, and, suspecting the cat's intentions, one of them swung suddenly round, placed himself in front of the thrush, and, facing the cat, appeared by his action and attitude to warn pussy to abandon its cruel persecution, or suffer the consequences of defying him.

By this time the lady (who afterwards wrote an account of the occurrence) had become so deeply interested in the strange scene, that she called her husband from an adjoining room that he might witness the end, and also rang for her maid, for she had made up her mind to take the side of the thrush and peacocks.

As soon as the maid arrived she sent her to capture the cat; but between the summons of the bell, and before the girl could reach the spot, some four or five minutes had elapsed, during which the two peacocks—for the second bird had now joined his mate—protected the thrush in the most gallant manner.

As for the unhappy thrush, it stood behind its brave defenders, quite silent and dazed. Desperate and ever-renewed were the cats attempts to reach the poor thing, but the temper of the peacocks was fully roused, and every motion of pussy was met by as prompt and effective a motion on their part.

Always confronting the foe, the two peacocks completely baffled the cat. But the exciting incident was almost over, for the maid now reached the scene of action, and put an end to the cat's ambition by carrying it bodily off the field—rather a humiliating termination of the conflict for the cat.

Then the peacocks allowed their watchful kindly care to relax; and while they marched off with their usual calm and measured tread the thrush hopped into the shrubbery, whence it poured forth a song of joy and thanks, let us hope, to the peacocks which had so triumphantly saved its life.

When you hear folk sneer at the peacocks' victory.

A FAITHFUL DAUGHTER.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

RAIN, rain, rain! There was nothing but rain. It was getting late in the summer, and it seemed as if there were likely to be a wet autumn.

Nearly all the storks had left the little German town, and had started on their journey to the south. The empty nests on the top of the chimneys looked very desolate and damp.

But if an empty nest looked miserable in the wet and cold, how much more wretched did the one on Frau Verhauer's chimney seem; for all the occupants of that nest had not yet departed.

The fact was that Dark-wing, the father of the family, was getting very old and feeble—so old and so weak that he could not make up his mind to start on his long journey, and had begged his family to leave him.

For a long time they had all refused to do so; but when the rain came, one by one they had set out for the south, after trying to persuade him to go with them.

At last, at the end of the week's rain, Sharp-beak was the only one left in the nest with her father.

"Father," she said, "we will stay together. I do not care to live if I must live without you."

"Then, daughter," said Dark-wing, "if you will not leave me, for your sake I will try, at any rate, to get part of the way on my journey."

Accordingly, next morning, in spite of the rain, the two birds commenced their journey. They traveled very slowly, for Dark-wing was unable to fly fast, and was often obliged to rest.

One day the two birds reached a lonely island. Immediately Dark-wing saw it he flew down to it to rest. He was tired and weary, and sad at heart, for he felt himself each day getting less and less able to fly.

Sharp-beak was at a little distance from him standing in cool water. He called her to him.

"Dear daughter," he said; "you must indeed leave me at last. You have been good and kind, but the time has come for us to part."

"Father," said Sharp-beak, "you cannot expect me to leave you now. We are already in a warmer climate, and in a few days we shall reach a land where we can live together happily. There we will stay, and think no more of reaching my brothers and sisters."

She turned away as she spoke, determined to discuss the subject no longer. But as she turned, she heard her father say to himself—

"Then the time has come. She will not leave me, so I must leave her."

Sharp-beak was very much troubled when she heard her father speak in that way. She said nothing, but made up her mind that she would never allow him to be out of her sight if she could possibly help it.

Some days later the two birds had left the sea, and were flying over land once more. They were above a town, and for the moment forgetting her determination never to lose sight of her father, Sharp-beak flew swiftly in front of him, to try to find out how large a town it was.

She did not go very far, but when she turned around to speak to Dark-wing, to encourage and cheer him on, to her astonishment he was nowhere to be seen. Turning around, she quickly flew back some distance, but Dark-wing had entirely disappeared.

For three days, quite heart-broken, Sharp-beak flew about, and at last descended into the town, thinking her father might have gone there to rest.

By this time she was completely worn out; she had not tasted an insect since she had been in trouble, and had not been able to sleep or rest at all.

All at once she remembered his words on the lonely island, "I must leave her since she will not leave me." Then he had left her—that explained it all.

Wearied and starving as she was, this last blow seemed too much for poor Sharp-beak, and she dropped on the ground quite senseless.

When she came to herself again she looked about her in astonishment. She was no longer in the street, but in a pleasant enclosure.

She was not alone, either, for there were other storks walking about. She noticed at a short distance from her an old stork rest on one leg. Just then the stork caught sight of her, and at once flew joyfully towards her. It was Dark-wing.

Dark-wing told her how through weariness he had fallen into one of the streets of the town, and had been picked up and brought to the enclosure. He had soon recovered from his fall, and had been very anxious about his daughter.

Then one day, to his great delight, she had been brought in, and he had nursed her ever since.

"But, father," said Sharp-beak, when they had been talking for some time "what is this place?"

"It a house for storks who are ill," said Dark-wing, "which the kind people of this town have made. Now you reward them for their great kindness, my daughter, by getting quickly better."

* * * * * *

Some time after, farther south, some storks were hunting for food, when they saw two other storks flying towards them. The two birds soon joined them, and immediately the whole party flapped their wings for joy.

The two were Dark-wing and Sharp-beak, who had at last managed to join their friends and relations.

THE MUTE MUSICIAN.—The other day at a fair in the environs of Paris, a tall Bohemian, emaciated and in rags, went about from table to table before the cafes and restaurants under the trees with a violin under his arm. The majority of the guests preferred to give him a couple of sous to having their conversation interrupted. At one table, however, he came upon a stout gentleman, who, being fond of music, signed him to go on and play. The poor fellow did not move. The stout gentleman insisted. At last the beggar took his violin from under his arm and showed his would-be patron it had no strings. "What do you carry it about with you for; it has no strings?" asked the astonished amateur. "Monsieur," replied the beggar, with a philosophical acuteness of definition that would have done credit to an academician, "it is not an instrument; it is only a threat."

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.—The march of progress is shown by the following statement: "It is now possible to construct a complete sewing machine in a minute, or sixty in one hour; a reaper every fifteen minutes or less; 300 watches in a day, complete in all their appointments. More important than this even is the fact that it is possible to construct a locomotive in a day. From the plans of a draughtsman to the execution of them by the workmen, every wheel, lever, valve, and rod may be constructed from the metal to the engine intact. Every rivet may be driven in the boiler, every tube in the tube sheets, and from the smokestack to the ash-pan, a locomotive may be turned out in a working day, completely equipped, ready to do the work of 100 horses.

DEAD LEAVES.

BY MARY P. SCHUYLER.

I stand beneath the silent trees,
  Watching the sunlight on the hill,
No leaf is stirred, so soft the breeze,
  It seems to whisper: "Peace, be still;"
The golden glory of the morn
  Has woke to life new beauty there—
From which I see bright visions born,
  'Mid dead leaves dropping everywhere.

They fall around me, one by one,
  Quivering as though with fleeting breath,
The short life-work so nearly done
  Finds welcome recompense in death;
With tear-dimmed eyes again I try
  To view the hill-top's gilded crest—
I see the river gliding by,
  With dead leaves on its limpid breast.

Dead leaves! Dead leaves! why hide from me
  God's loving sunshine, pure and bright,
The hill's warm glow of imagery
  Reflected by the changing light?
Or, art thou mentors, sent to bear
  This solemn truth to one and all:
"There is no life so free from care
  That it shall see no dead leaves fall?"

Dead leaves, you are a part of life:
  The unkind word—another's pain
For which we weep—the heart's keen strife
  For higher aims (though oft in vain)
Are but dead leaves: at morning light
  We dash our falling tears away,
Then thrust our dead leaves out of sight,
  And hope for fresher ones to-day.

Oh! cold, dead leaves around the heart,
  Stored there by Fate's unkindly hand,
Each leaf's light fall brings a new smart
  That we alone can understand:
We shiver, shrink, then bravely try
  To hide all outward signs of woe—
To still our heart's rebellious cry:
  "Dead leaves! Dead leaves! why haunt me so?"

And thus we live our days and years,
  Failing each day this truth to learn:
Our acts which cost us many tears,
  Though closed in memory's silent urn—
Grim Retrospection, later on
  Will find, though peacefully they lie,
And drag them forth, when youth is gone,
  Dead leaves to haunt us, by and by.

ON THE RAILWAY.

Railway plant is not very suggestive of humor. Such of the drollery as one comes across is almost as heavy and quite as lumbersome as the greater part of the plant itself. Surely it must have been a serious travail of the mind to bring to light such a conundrum as the following:

"Why is a locomotive like a comet?—Because it has a head light and carries a long train." Of course there are worse jokes, even off the line, but one does not often meet with them.

A very fair attempt at a joke of the lugubrious kind was once committed by a conductor on one of the short midland lines. The company was very small and very poor, and it was just a little more than they could do to make both ends meet at the yearly day of reckoning. There were not many conveniences for the passengers, and indeed, they were not quite so much cared for as the goods in the baggage-car. As for the conductor, at some of the stations on the line he was ticket-clerk, station-agent, passenger-porter, and baggage-porter all in one.

Just before leaving the junction on a certain day, a fussy passenger called him to the window. "Look here," he said; "why don't you have foot-warmers in these cars? We shall get our death of cold."

"Well, you see," responded the conductor, "one of the directors is a doctor, one a druggist, and one is a tombstone-mason; and, you know, in this world people must live and let live. So, you see——"

"All right; go ahead. You ought to have had another director a coffin-maker, and then we could have got up a special catastrophe for the benefit of the directorate."

"We have a coffin-maker amongst them, sir; but I thought it would be too suggestive to mention him."

"Ah, well, it is rather suggestive," said the passenger. "So, what do you think of an accident, for the express benefit of your mixed lot of directors."

"Express, did you say?" asked the conductor. "Ah, you have not been on this line before, or you would not talk like that. Why, sir, we don't run fast enough to come to any harm, even if we ran off the track; and, as for a collision, that is an impossibility, for our only other engine is now laid up with a twisted cylinder and a broken wheel."

Charles Dickens wrote a very humorous homily upon railway refreshment inconveniences; indeed, it was one huge joke at the expense of the companies, and for the benefit of the public at large. Had he wanted a text at the time that should be exactly to the point of his "Boy at Rugby", he might have found it in one of the prophetical books, where it says: "And he shall snatch on the right hand, and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and they shall not be satisfied."

The story was literally true then of nearly all stations, while now it may only be said to be an accurate description of some here and there. Still, some approach was made to it at one refreshment room.

One day when the train stopped a famished passenger called a newsboy to the window and said: "Here, boy, take these two pence and fetch me a penny bun, and you can get one for yourself with the remaining coin."

The boy rushed off at double-quick speed. The passenger was on pins for fear the boy would not return in time. He did return eating; and as he swallowed the last bit, he handed one of the pennies in at the window, saying: "Here's your penny, sir; there was only one bun left."

Railroad density was well shown on a certain line not long since. A passenger remarked in the hearing of one of the company's servants how easy it was to "do", as he called it, the company. He declared that he had often taken them in. The servant was on the alert in a moment; thought he had got a case, and determined to make the most of it. He listened.

"I have often," said the passenger, to his companion, "gone from Broad Street to Dalston Junction without a ticket. Any one can do it, easily; I did it myself yesterday."

When he got out of the train, the servant of the company followed after, and wanted to know how it was done. At first the passenger would not give the information; but at last, for a little monetary consideration he agreed. The money was paid.

"Now," asked the official, "how did you manage to get from Broad Street to Dalston Junction without a ticket?"

"Oh," said the passenger, with a smile, "I simply walked."

That railway servant grimly saw the joke, but thought he had paid for it rather dearly.

On the old Stockton & Darlington Railway, in the days when that company took preachers of the gospel at half-price like children, one of the ticket clerks, when asked for a minister's ticket by a somewhat unclerical-looking individual, expressed a doubt as to his profession.

"I'll read you one of my sermons if you doubt my word," said the minister.

"No, thank you," said the ticket-clerk, with a gloomy smile, and handed the ticket over without any further proof.

Grains of Gold.

Recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness.

Mankind are perpetually at variance by being all of one sect—viz., selfists.

To suffer through those we love is ten times worse than to suffer ourselves.

Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

Kindness in ourselves is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in another.

Ask thyself daily to how many ill-minded persons thou hast shown a kind disposition.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.

When inclined to give an angry answer try for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

Do what good thou canst unknown; and be not vain of what ought rather to be felt than seen.

If from sickness, pain, or infirmity we feel irritable, let us keep a strict watch over ourselves.

Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets.

Modesty, that becomes all men, is especially becoming in one who has great merit, in that he has everything to excuse pride.

Correct yourself betimes. You will seldom keep from falling if you cannot recover yourself when you first begin to totter.

Progress is recognizable in this, that we learn ever better to strive and continue in prayer. Prayer is in any case the fundamental condition of all progress.

Perfection comes by leisure, and no excellent thing is done at once. The gourd, which came up in a night, withered in a day: but the plants that live long rise slowly.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself to our lives. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as have the thoughts which we harbor.

Femininities.

High collars are out of style.

Silver, gold and steel braids appear on dressy jackets.

Princess Beatrice has given birth at Balmoral to a daughter.

The study of astronomy is becoming fashionable among French ladies.

For children there is nothing better than saffron tea for teething and fever.

The Duchess of Sutherland has an athletic weakness for gathering birds' eggs.

The various colleges of this country are said to contain about 18,000 female students.

Two young women are candidates for school commissioners in Wayne county, N. Y.

It is really a graceful fashion, this of knotting back curtains with sashes of silk instead of bows of stiffer ribbon.

Claret or other wine stains may be removed from washable fabrics by holding them in milk while it is boiling.

Governess: "Why, Ethel, you're 15 and can't spell your family name correctly!" Ethel: "Oh, it doesn't matter—I'll be changing it soon, any way!"

An effective bit of moralizing comes from "Tony, the Maid." "Sorry with words," she said; "that's cheap business. Sorry with our pockets, that comes from the heart."

Manual training has been introduced into the St. Paul, Minn., High School, and at a recent entertainment 26 of the female pupils gave an exhibition at sawing boards and driving nails.

Always be perfectly open with your husband as to the way you spend your money. Try to learn the value of the little discs of gold and silver that slip so readily through your fingers.

Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry or how hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out with soapsuds.

One Chicago woman who kept a diary, and kept it faithfully, has turned up—in a divorce court, in that city. All of her husband's unkindnesses and cruelties were jotted down, with date, etc.

Life's pleasures. "Am I hurting you badly?" asked a Boston dentist of a lady whose teeth he was fixing, and who was emitting horrible groans. "Oh, not in the least; but I love to groan!" was the reply.

If you have a fault to find, speak at once decidedly when you are alone with your husband, then let the matter drop. He will probably not say much at the time, but you will find that he remembers your words. Never nag.

How these actresses love one another! "You say you've played with Clarentia Clerkenwell. Is she uglier than her sister, Clementia?" "Well, I suppose she is. She's about two inches taller, so there's more of her to be ugly."

The Katherines, Catherines and Kates of England are subscribing to a fund in memory of Queen Katherine of Aragon, first wife of King Henry VIII. The subscriptions will be used in the erection of a fitting monument in Peterborough Cathedral.

A steamer was burned off Charlevoix, Mich., sometime ago when Miss Mary Wakefield, a passenger, swam ashore with a child. She seized the little one's clothing in her mouth and, declining the aid of rescuing boats, breasted the waves with great courage and skill.

The women of California are finding profitable and steady employment in fruit culture. Picking, packing, making raisins and canning fruit, as well as crystallizing figs and apricots, are largely done by women. Not a few of them are owners of fruit farms, which they carry on.

"Now here is something you'll like," said the manager of a tile works, as he was showing some ladies the process of manufacture; "texts of Scripture on tiles for mantel ornamentation." "Oh," replied Mrs. Fangle, "I've often heard of textile manufactures, but I never saw them before."

The recent utilization of the murderer Prauzini's skin to cover card-cases has reminded the Parisians of the old human-skin tanneries at Strasburg and Meudon, where the skins of the victims of the guillotine were made into book leather. Works in this binding may still be seen in the catalogues of book sales.

A prominent doctress maintains in the lectures which she is giving in Boston that the American girls suffer because of not taking sufficient and proper exercise, but that they are healthier than their English sisters because they are better educated in physiology. So it appears they average well, after all.

Children cry from two causes—either from temper or from illness. It is the duty of every mother to ascertain whether the latter cause induces the fretfulness in her child, and if so to remove this cause if possible. But if no symptom of suffering be discovered, the case immediately demands other treatment, and the passionateness or obstinacy must be overcome by moral force.

"Every one of these doors creak so horribly that it almost sets me wild!" exclaimed a tired housekeeper, who was trying to rest a little after the labors of a wearisome day. Now this was not the first, perhaps it was the twentieth time she had made the same or a similar remark about the creaking of the doors, when with the aid of a bottle of oil and a feather she might have made them swing noiselessly, and saved herself all the annoyance she had suffered.

Oh, how I prize a freckled girl! I think I would go farther than any other man to see a freckled girl, for she never has any neuralgia, or insomnia, or hysterics. Give me a girl who has been intimate with the sunshine and I'll show you a girl whose feelings are superior to her sensations. I'll stake her conscience against her complexion. She never sees any ghosts, and is liable to eat three meals a day and take a cold bath before breakfast. Every freckle on a girl's face is a testimonial—heaven sent—of a wholesome fearlessness.

Masculinities.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

A male quartette is the style at New York funerals.

To make a long story short—Send it to the editor of a newspaper.

A Chicago lawyer makes both ends meet by driving a hansom cab at night.

The way of the transgressor may be hard, but it is easy enough to get into.

The Chinese always weep at their weddings. As usual, the Chinese are ahead of us.

Good advice is worth more than money, but, somehow, we can't make our creditors see that way.

A pint of mustard seed added to a barrel of cider will keep the liquid sweet for an indefinite time.

There is more or less sorrow in the word "good-by," and yet how we like to hear some people say it!

A solution of thymol, used as a mouth wash after smoking, will remove the unpleasant odor of tobacco.

"I have found," says a sage, "men more charitable towards the weaknesses of women than women are themselves."

The young ladies of Summit, Miss., have organized a "Tongue Guard Society." The president does all the talking.

A physician says that the best breakfast to prepare for a day's work is that of "steak or chops, with good coffee, hot rolls and eggs."

It is alleged that in ancient Rome if a man kissed his betrothed, but died before their marriage, the woman was entitled to half his effects.

Miss de Jenks: "Are you musical, Professor Jobkins?" Professor: "Yes; but if you were going to play anything please don't mind my feelings."

"Do unto others as you imagine they would do unto you under the same circumstance," is a sort of brass rule more in use than the golden article.

He who in questions of right, virtue or duty sets himself above ridicule is truly great, and shall laugh in the end with truer mirth than ever he was laughed at.

"What to you," she asked in dreamy accents, "is the most beautiful thing about the sunset?" He thought for some time, and then replied: "It reminds me of supper."

In case of a cut smoke the wound with burned red flannel on which has been placed a small quantity of sugar, then tie up, after sprinkling with sulphur, and it will heal immediately.

A novel duel occurred in Connecticut the other night between two youths who were paying attentions to the same young lady. The belligerents were in boats and the weapons used were eel spears.

"Very sorry, sir," said a young beauty at a ball; "I am already engaged. I hope you are not very disappointed?"—"O dear no, miss; quite the contrary!" was the unexpected reply of the gentleman.

If thou desire rest unto thy soul, be just; he that doth no injury fears not to suffer injury; the unjust mind is always in labor: it either practices the evil it hath projected, or projects to avoid the evil it hath deserved.

"When God had made man," says Brother Talmage, "he stood him up, walked back a few feet, looked at him and then said: 'I can beat that.' He then went right away to work and made woman, the most artistic and best piece of workmanship ever executed."

"A bore," says a witty cynic, "is the man who talks of himself when I want to talk of myself." "The man who talks incessantly," says an Arab proverb, "is a mill whose clatter we hear, but which gives us no meal."

When a millionaire tanner of Buffalo took his wife around to look at a $100,000 residence which he bought recently, her only criticism, so it is alleged, was that she was afraid if she lived there she would have "to keep a girl."

Visitors to Stratford-upon-Avon have constant reminders of the famous dramatist. They are lodged in the Shakespeare Hotel, each bed-room having the name of a play over it instead of a number. "Boots take the gentleman's luggage up to Romeo and Juliet," is a common order.

A send-off is thus given a local candidate by a Petersburg, Va., paper: "He is already a noted man in the community, having been indicted for libel by the late grand jury. Between keeping out of jail and getting into the legislature he will be pretty busily engaged between now and election day."

"My family is very ancient," remarked an English tourist in Ohio; "it dates back to the Crusades." "So does mine," replied the Buckeye; "my mother was a Crusader herself. And what a noble stand they made against the liquor traffic, too?" "Aw," said the Englishman, considerably mystified.

A man 80 years old stole a horse in Washington. On account of his advanced age he was not prosecuted, but was given a ticket for New Orleans. He went as far as Baltimore, sold the ticket to a scalper, bought a watch and chain, came back, stole another horse, sold it for $10, and made his escape.

A plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy stock broker, says an exchange, to execute some repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered. "John," said she, with a suspicious glance towards the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard and lock it up at once." But the man of the lead was in no wise disconcerted. "Tom," said he to his apprentice, who accompanied him, "take my watch and my chain and these coppers home to my missus at once. There seems to be dishonest people about this house."

Recent Book Issues.

No floral monthly published can compare in beauty and attractiveness of contents, both in text and illustrations, with Vick's. Every month it is full of matters of both interest and value to all who either admire or grow flowers. Published at Rochester, New York.

"Sermons Preached in St. George's," by W. S. Rainford, comprises some fifteen, all of which are marked by a high spirit of practical piety. Another merit is their brevity. While saying all the subject calls for, they forbear the almost endless repetition and amplification that mark too many books of this character. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Lippincott. Price, $1.25.

A new edition of "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by J. G. Holland, has just been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Since its first appearance in 1865, this work has been regarded as the best and most popular biography of its illustrious subject extant. The author was in love with his task and, in consequence, has given a plain, simple, somewhat one-sided in some respects, but at the same time thoroughly complete, and valuable Life. Whether in the library or the household—the latter particularly—Holland's "Lincoln" well merits, on all accounts, its high reputation and popularity. For sale by Lippincott. Price, $2.

"A companion volume of the "Blue Jackets of '61," published by the same house, and which obtained a splendid popularity on its appearance, is "The Blue Jackets of 1812," by Willis J. Abbott. It is a spirited record of the doings of the navy of the United States in that war with England, as well as the causes which led to the war. The work is specially intended for young readers, but older ones can easily find books on the same subject far less entertaining, improving and valuable. Through its pages are interspersed some hundred engravings or so by eminent artists. In printing, binding and general get up the volume is a marvel of beauty, the cover being of sail-canvas in white and blue embossed with gold. It would make a splendid birthday or holiday present. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $3.00.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* for November are two very beautifully illustrated articles, one a readable description of the picturesque island of Capri, the other "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways in Old England." The two new serials, "The Meditation of Ralph Hardelot," by W. Minto, and "The Story of Jael," by a favorite author, have interesting instalments. The new "Et Cætera" department, furnished by H. D. Traill, is proving a very taking feature of this beautiful family magazine. Macmillan & Company, New York.

The November number of *The Century* begins its eighteenth year and thirty-fifth volume, and is especially notable. "The Last Appeal of the Russian Liberals" is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Kennan, the result of a special investigation of Russian politics. The frontispiece of the number is a portrait of Washington, by Wright of Philadelphia, made in 1784, and now for the first time engraved. It is given in connection with "The Home and the Haunts of Washington." The fiction of the number comprises the beginning of two serial stories, "The Graysons," and "At Large," by Geo. W. Cable; and a short story entitled, "A Little Dinner." The leading articles are: "College Composites," and "Grant's Last Campaign." The instalment of the Lincoln History treats of the period between Lincoln's election and his inauguration. There is a generous supply of poetry, and the editorial departments provide interesting reading. The Century Co., New York.

SNAIL'S PACE.—A snail's pace need not be used any longer as a term more or less indefinite. By an interesting experiment at the Terre Haute Polytechnic, not long ago, it was ascertained exactly, and reduced to figures which may now be quoted by persons who favor the use of exact terms. A half-dozen of the molluscs were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart, and the average pace was ascertained. From this it was enough to calculate that a snail can crawl a mile in just fourteen days.

"What an unconscionable falsifier Bill Smith is! He'll have a good deal to answer for at the day of judgment." "Yes; but then Bill won't mind that. He loves to talk."

Worth Your Attention.

Mark this! Don't lose it! It will bring you gold! We will send you free something new, that just coins money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. $5 a day and upwards easily earned by any worker; many are making several hundred dollars per month. You can do it. No special ability required. We bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash right away than anything else in the world. Any one anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then, knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why, no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

AFTER SCHOOL.

"WHAT am I to do after school?"

This is a question asked, I believe, by every school-girl, some time or other, as she gets older; and to answer it is by no means so easy as some people seem to imagine.

The leaving of school is, I think, one of the great crises of a girl's life. The period ended has probably had all clearly mapped out with guidance and direction given.

The future is now full of vague and shadowy uncertainty, and the beauty and completeness of a woman's life will depend mainly on the girl's own exertions.

Every girl has three distinct lives to live, and on the observance, combination, and due proportion of these lives depends the good that she may leave behind her in the world. They are:

I. Her life to herself.

II. Her life to her family.

III. Her life to the community.

It is certain, to begin with, that in each of these three there must be some settled plan of action.

That girl who lives from day to day in an idle desultory manner, with no aim in view but amusement, makes her life instead of a great, harmonious whole, a miserable failure—the life which has been given to her as very precious, and as something to be rendered strict account of in Day to come.

The first kind of life is much too solemn a thing for any one to meddle with. It is that inner spiritual life which exists in every person, whether remembered or not. About this I would only ask that girls would keep in mind the great injunction, "Quench not the Spirit."

Secondly, there is the life to the family. The guidance of this does not lie altogether in the power of a girl; she has probably a recognized position in the household from her age and capabilities; but whatever it may be, chief or least, one principal should guide all else—the spirit of self-sacrifice.

It is a third life, however, about which I want particularly to say a few words. What can a girl do to help the community in some way?

Teaching, at present, is the greatest and noblest profession open to women. If that is entered upon direct from school, there is little fear of life being wasted in an idle, desultory way.

To many a girl teaching, I know, seems dreadful drudgery; but then with it there comes, sooner or later, the satisfaction of having been a laborer in the grandest work of all life—the spreading of knowledge.

Teaching, however, is not for every girl. With some circumstances do not require it, and social position does not admit of it. To such I would say, do not give it up altogether; if you cannot make a profession of it, you can, at least, teach the poor of your neighborhood in the Sunday-school, etc. Let not this branch of the work be despised, for it is one of the most difficult, and to do it properly requires much preparation.

Then there is parish work of other kinds—such as district-visiting—all of which, if engaged in, keeps a girl's life from being a failure.

Some girls—and the number yearly increases—have the opportunity of going to one of our women's colleges. The course entered upon there is a truly charming one; but an objection often urged against it is that it makes girls very selfish.

In a very few cases this is, I am afraid, true; but why should selfishness be a necessary accompaniment to University training?

The knowledge and experience gained at college in most cases benefits the community at large, as well as the girls themselves.

Lastly, supposing none of these works are possible to a girl, there is always, in these days, when good literature is so cheap, the possibility of forming a regular plan of study at home—downright earnest reading for a certain space of each day.

However small this is, if it is done with a definite aim in view, and not merely for selfish enjoyment, great good will come into a girl's life from it.

There is always a natural bent in every one's mind—a natural genius for one kind of work more than for others; let a girl, then, not try to do a little of everything, but work steadily at that in which she has put her heart, so that when the time comes for her to render an account of her talent, there may be said to her, as to each of those in the parable, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." M. S.

In the window of a cottage in an English village, the following notice appears: "I cure a goose. My wife cures ganders." Tourists are always much puzzled at this strange statement, and invariably go in to find out what it means. They are considerably astonished as well as amused when they learn that the author of the sign meant to say "I cure agues. My wife cures jaundice."

RECIPE FOR KEEPING MOTHS OUT OF CLOTHING.—Mix half a pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine, and two ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle, and shake before using. The clothes or furs are to be wrapped in linen, and crumpled-up pieces of blotting-paper dipped in the liquid are to be placed in a box with them.

Salvation Oil relieves instantly and cures speedily all bodily pain. Price only 25 cts.

Verdict of a coroner's jury: "Died from want"—of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cts.

POWER OVER BRUTES.—The following incident shows what a powerful agent is courage in overcoming a fierce animal. A young man by the name of Wilder was fond of a good horse, and was an expert rider. At one time he called at an inn to stay over night, and requested that his horse, a young and spirited animal, might be turned out to pasture instead of being led in the stable. When morning came, and he was ready to resume his journey, he informed the landlord that he would go and catch his horse himself, as it was difficult for a stranger to approach him. The landlord objected, because he had a savage bull in the pasture. Nothing could deter the young man from catching his own horse. He laughed at the landlord's fears, and said, "If the bull comes near me I'll give him a lesson he won't forget."

Before venturing into the pasture he fastened on a pair of large, heavy spurs, which he sometimes wore when riding horseback. The landlord watched his proceedings with considerable anxiety. The horse and bull were feeding near together, and Mr. Wilder could not reach his horse without attracting the attention of the bull. The latter fed quietly until he noticed a stranger approaching, when he suddenly turned, and lowering his head, and bellowing, he made a dash at the young man. Mr. Wilder, equal to the emergency, dodged his enemy, and caught him in such a manner as to spring on his back. The young man now had the advantage, and plunging the spurs into the sides of the bull, compelled the frightened creature to run and gallop madly about. The bull bellowed loudly, and soon stopped, conquered and trembling. Mr. Wilder then dismounted, gently patted the animal's side, and said, "Good fellow! good fellow! You've given me a good hard ride."

The landlord, who had nervously watched the scene, was so much pleased with the young man's brave exploit that he would take no pay for his night's lodgings, and ever after gave him the freedom of his house when he chanced that way.

A BOY WITH CAT'S EYES.—A strange case is now attracting the attention of the oculists of Chicago. A Mrs. Quinn recently visited the State Eye and Ear Infirmary in company with her son, who possessed the peculiar power of seeing in the dark. Dr. Charles F. Sinclair, the specialist at that institution, was so struck with the case that he called in several other oculists to examine the freak.

The boy was taken into a dark room and there several tests were made which prove beyond doubt that this is a genuine case. The eyeballs glistened like balls of fire, and upon a close examination it was found that the lad's eyes are formed much in the same manner that a cat's eyes are. The larger portion of the iris is missing, only a small portion being visible on the outer side of each eye. When taken into a dark room an immediate expansion takes place, which enables the boy to see perfectly. A strong light blinds him, and from this same peculiarity the boy is able to see objects at a distance with much more clearness than those close at hand. All the oculists agree that nothing can be done for the child.

APPEARANCES.—It is all very well to say "don't judge from appearances;" but in emergencies that preclude the investigations of facts, appearances are sometimes the only basis upon which to found an opinion or a decision. For instance, in cases where there is neither time nor opportunity to ascertain the antecedents of applicants for emolument, it is necessary to judge them by the eye; and the eye of a shrewd, observant man is rarely at fault under such circumstances. The theory that appearances are generally fallacious, is in itself a fallacy. When we see a fellow with a face like a bull-dog, we know very well he is not a philanthropist, and no one who ever looked upon the mild countenance of Howard could suppose that under any combination of events he could have figured as a pirate or a prisoner. Napoleon held that firmness and courage were indicated by a large, well-formed nose, and that military genius was never the concomitant of a snub. Examine the portraits of the world's great captains, from the era of Julius Cæsar down to that of Washington, and you will find Napoleon's dictum correct.

VERY TALL PEOPLE.—The Chinese giant Chang, is 8 feet 3 inches. A giant 8 feet high was exhibited at Rouen, 1755. Lecat speaks of Scotch giant 11 feet 6 inches in height. Carpolus tells of a young giantess who was 10 feet nigh.

The Grecian giant Amanan, now 18 years old, is 7 feet 3 inches tall. The giant Gille de Trent, in the Tyrol, and one of the guards of the Duke of Brunswick, was more than 8 feet 4 inches in height.

The Austrian giant, Winkelmeier, who was recently exhibited in Paris, measuring 8¼ feet, may be regarded as a specimen of the highest stature attained by the human species. A Swedish peasant, cited by Buffon, was 8 feet 8 inches in height, and the stature of the Finish giant, Cujanis, was the same, while Frederick William, King of Prussia, had a guard of nearly equal stature.

THE STINGIEST MAN.—Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana respectively claim to have the stingiest man in the world among their inhabitants. Georgia's stingy man is said to stop his clock every night to save the wear and tear of the machinery: Alabama's stingy man requires his family to write "a small hand" to save ink; and Louisiana's is so stingy that he will never drink as much water as he wants unless it is from another man's well.

A LIVELY CUSTOMER.—Amongst the many freaks with which Nature has amused her idle hours is the alligator. Broadly speaking, this saturnine marvel, with its wicked little blinking eyes and its back like a piece of corrugated iron stovepipe, has a mouth which can only be described as an animated sewer.

The alligator has a profound dislike to work for a living, and will not even go to the trouble of hunting for either his breakfast or his dinner. When he feels at all hungry, he quietly paddles to the bank of the stream which may happen to be his postal address in Alligator Land, and propping open his mouth, by the use of certain muscles, fixes it in that position, closes his eyes and commences to enjoy a nap.

Before he has been long in this position, an adventurous beetle or two wandering along, and being seized by the spirit of curiosity, look in at the dark cavern, and think they will explore it. Following the beetles come possibly a few flies, and a marching column of mosquitoes.

Still the alligator moves not; lost in dreamy contemplation, and enjoying the pleasant titillation upon his tongue, he placidly snoozes on.

By-and-by a lizard, which feels that the morning is getting rather warm, and who observes that the alligator's mouth resembles a delightfully cool cave, hops gladly inside.

Then a family party of frogs, hearing the buzzing of the flies, look into the open mouth, and conclude that here, at any rate, is a meal ready for them without very much trouble, and with a hop, spring and a jump, they, too, land themselves in the fateful spot.

At length, after about an hour, the alligator's mouth contains a small community of animated life. Suddenly, with an expression of satisfaction, the huge cavernous jaws come together with a crash; the frogs, the lizard, the beetles, and the flies fancy that there is an earthquake moving around in the vicinity. The alligator blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door for some more visitors!

INCONVENIENT POPULARITY.—A correspondent writing from Tien-Tsin, China, speaks of the eager curiosity of the natives at the appearance of foreigners among them, and relates the following incident: "In one store, where we were brought to bay by a mob of stolid, silent starers, who stood fifteen and twenty deep, with the last men climbing on the shoulders of those in front of them, we sat down overpowered by the continued ovation. The audience were all men, tall, brawny fellows, bareheaded, stripped to the waist. While they stood gaping in silence, a broad-chested Hercules, with the countenance of a Roman Senator, suddenly attacked the crowd from the rear and beat his way to the front with so much bluster and apparent indignation in his tones that we felt that here at last was a deliverer, some one in authority, who would drive off the crowd. That man proved the greatest fraud of all, for after all his browbeating and cuffing, he planted himself in the very front row and stared harder than any of them."

THE LAND BOOM.

Prices Way up Among the Stars--The Dangers to be Avoided.

The wonderful land boom of the past year has excited very general attention.

It has not been confined to any one locality, for, as Chauncey M. Depew said, after a visit to the west, "At nearly every one of the trade centres we visited, we found extravagant and untenable views of prospective real estate values."

Of course the vast army of men engaged in one way or another in these enterprises, were loth to believe their views either extravagant or untenable. Both they and Depew are right to a certain extent.

Land values have rapidly and permanently increased in this country in the last fifty years. This is especially noticeable in the "jumping" west, along the lines of new railroads.

Thousands of new cities have sprung up, with a growth perfectly astonishing, and great fortunes have been made in real estate.

Land values must continue to increase generally, because the available area of land in the country is now so small as to render inevitable its entire absorption in a few years.

One hundred years from now at the present rate of increase, our population will be 400 to the square mile—twice as many as in the largest European nations.

To be a safe speculator, it is necessary to study cause and effect, as the proprietors of Warner's safe cure did in preparing their remedy. Its success is great because it reaches the cause of disease. Every drop of blood coursing through the system passes through the kidneys. If they are in sound working order, the blood is purified; if deranged, poison, that should be eliminated, is carried through the blood channels to every part of the system. The poison attacks the weak points, and so come the long list of resulting ailments. Remedy the cause, put the purifying organs in health, and the whole system becomes healthy.

There must be a solid basis for a land boom, however, or it will inevitably result in a crash, entailing great losses and subsequent injurious depression.

Two thousand dollars per front foot for land in some cities might be a judicious investment, in others, very indiscreet. It is wise to make investments of a character indicating a permanent, if slower, growth and increase of value.

Humorous.

TWO WOOERS.

Jack Blunt once loved a maid, whose hair
With terra cotta might compare.
"My heart beats but for you," he said:
"No matter if your hair is red;
With me the color has no heft—"
And he got left.

George Smoothly later came to woo;
Said he, with passion tender, true,
"I love you, and all that is you;
Those locks of dainty golden hair,
The sunlight kissed and lingered there—
I'd give my all for one wee curl."
He got the girl.

—E. C. S.

In a tight box—Sardines.

Strange sight—To see a garden walk.

A striking thing in gloves—The pugilist's fist.

All lies in the way of putting it—Pitching a base ball.

The finger that points with pride is encircled by a diamond ring.

If trees possessed any religion, what would it naturally be?—Buddhism.

It is sad to see family relics sold at auction, but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb nail.

He who courts and goes away may live to court another day, but he who weds and courts girls still may get in court against his will.

"I may be small, but I'm a rouser," said the hotel bell boy, as he went the rounds awakening guests who had left orders to be called early.

When a young lady offers to hem a cambric handkerchief for a rich young bachelor acquaintance, you can set it down that she means to sew in order that she may reap.

Old lady, in grocery store: "What do you sell codfish for, young man?" Young man, who is not altogether satisfied with the business: "'Cause I can't get anything else to do, ma'am."

Old lady: "I'm sorry to hear a little boy use such shocking language. Do you know what becomes of little boys who swear?" Urchin: "Yes'm; dey gits ter be hoss car drivers."

She: "Why do you look so unhappy, George? Don't you know we are one now?" He: "Yes, I've heard that before; but when it comes to paying the weekly board bill the landlord don't seem to think so."

"Will you marry me?" asked Augustus, who is a matter-of-fact young man. "Oh," she replied, flutteringly, "ask papa." "Certainly, I'll ask your father if you wish it, but I naturally thought you ought to know best."

Gilhooly: "Sad affair over at Jones'." Gus De Smith: "What's the matter?" "One of the twins has died." "That is an affliction." "Yes, and the worst of it is the people don't know which of them is dead, they look so much alike."

About this time of the year the average woman who has been saving her pin-money all summer in order to be able to purchase hubby an elaborate Christmas present, falls a victim to temptation and expends the entire amount for a perfectly lovely fall bonnet which she doesn't need.

The Major, who has just popped: "I'm not very old, Miss Daisy. King Solomon was over a hundred, you know, when he married, and I'm sure he made a good husband." Daisy: "Yes; but he had so many wives at a time that the—er—care of him was nicely distributed, don't you know!"

Speaking against long prayers, Brother Talmage says: "When Peter was endeavoring to walk on the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction of some of our modern prayers, before he got half through he would have been fifty feet under water."

"You must be very polite to succeed in this business," said a barber to his young apprentice. "Always wear a pleasant smile and try to flatter everybody." "I'll do my best, sir," replied the apprentice; "but how am I to flatter a bald-headed man?" "Easy enough," replied the barber. "Just ask him if he doesn't want his hair cut."

Husband: "Are you aware, my dear, that you make away with about $30 a year in horse car fares riding to your sewing society and other meetings?" Wife: "Yes, sir, I am; but I do it for economy's sake. I don't believe you could afford to have me walk." "Why so, pray?" "Perhaps you are not aware that between our house and the post-office there are four milliners' shops."

Before Willie's cousin Bertha arrived at his home on a summer visit his mother had told him to observe how graceful and polite her manners were, especially at the table. When she came, Willie observed her with admiring interest. One day his mother said: "Don't you think Bertha's manners are better than yours?" "Yes, mamma." "Why is it, my dear?" "I guess Bertha has been better brought up than I have!"

"What flavor?" inquired the waiter of the ice cream saloon, as the bridal couple sat down in all the pride of their Skowhegan youth and beauty. "What's yourn, Mari?" the bridegroom asked; "mine's plain old vernellier." "Vernellier?" said the bride, with a little touch of nasal asperity in her tones; "Reub, I don't somehow s'pose you'll ever get real refined! Some vanoost flavor for me, young man, with jist a spoonful of strawb on the side."

"Clara," he said tenderly, "if business reverses should come to me after we are married, and we should get to be very, very poor, would your love for me grow less?" "Never, George," replied the noble girl. "And could you go into the kitchen, dear, and make a loaf of bread with those dainty little hands?" "You are very nice to say such a pretty thing about my hands, but, George, my love, don't be foolish about the bread. Why, I would send one of the servants around to the baker's for it."

HAPPINESS AND CHARACTER.—It is commonly supposed that it is a comparatively easy and joyous thing to minister to any one's happiness, while it is a grave, difficult, and unwelcome task to try to improve his character. The truth is they are indissolubly connected, and each is dependent on the other for its perfect development. No happiness worthy the name can exist while the character is impure and the life unworthy. The gratifications of such a one will be not only of a very low order, but also essentially temporary in their nature. As the character deteriorates, all enjoyment diminishes, until the very capacity for it is gone.

On the other hand, no character can be steadily improving, no life can be growing in value, without infusing a happiness of the purest and most ennobling kind. Every time, then, that we influence another for good, every time we help him to become more faithful and honorable, more industrious and energetic, more patient and self-controlled, more just and generous, we also sow within him the seeds of a solid and permanent happiness which no circumstances can take away. M. S.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—It is at times necessary to censure and punish, but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child.

There are two great motives influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and, at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are usually found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches. M. S.

MODESTY makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labor under it by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favor.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

HUMPHREYS'

Manual of all Diseases,
By F. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
HANDSOMELY BOUND IN
CLOTH and GOLD
Mailed Free.

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICE.
1	Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations...	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic....	.25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants.	.25
4	Diarrhea of Children or Adults.....	.25
5	Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic....	.25
6	Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.....	.25
7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods.....	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria.....	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding.....	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs...	.25
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease.....	.50
28	Nervous Debility.....	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed....	.25
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation..	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., 109 Fulton St. N. Y.

PERFUMERY BY MAIL.

Well made Sachet Powders retain their agreeable odor for years while imparting a delicious fragrance to underclothing, handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons and the trifles that fill a lady's bureau drawers. Scent-bags are always acceptable holiday gifts. Send for a one-ounce packet to be forwarded by return mail. Your choice of Rose, Heliotrope, Violet and Lavender, Sents. Address THE PISEHAM MFG. CO., LYNN, MASS.

WORK For All. $30 a week and expenses paid. Valuable outfit and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

YOUR Name printed on 20 Mixed Cards, and 100 Scrap Pictures, 10c. Ray Card Co. Clintonville, Ct

22 New Fancy Shapes of Bevel and White Dove Hidden Name Cards 5c. Franklin Pig. Co. New Haven, Ct.

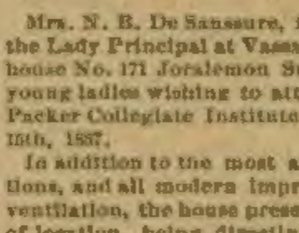
Agents Wanted for PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS. Good Pay. A. Gorton & Co., Philada., Pa.

ONE PACK Star I C P Rose Cards, One Pack Floral Cards, One Pack Floriana Cards, One Pack Hold-to-the-Light Cards, The Magic Oracle, with which you can tell any person's age, and large separate book of Hidden Name Cards. All for only a 2-cent stamp. Eagle Card Co., Clinton, Ct.

941 HIDDEN NAME CARDS, some plain, popular, gaudy, with name, many making an album verses, and the largest and finest sample book of new style cards ever issued. All for a 2-cent stamp. Empire Card Works, Clinton, Ct.

$250 EVERY MONTH. 1,000 LIVE AGENTS WANTED at once. Our Agent's Outfit a beautiful Satin-Lined Casket of Silverware, sent free. Write for it. Address Wallingford Silver Co., Wallingford, Ct.

Now all men
Ye Finest Soluque
Cures
Cuts · Burns
Bruises · Sprains
Bites · & Wounds
· Of · All · Kinds ·
Prepd by
Hance Bros. & White
Sold by & Phila
All Druggists
& General
Dealers



Champion.
Rochester,
Duplex
and all the Popular
LAMPS
and
BURNERS.
Also,
FLOOR or PIANO
LAMPS,
IN BRONZE AND WROUGHT IRON.
GREAT VARIETY.

A. J. WIEDENER,
36 SOUTH SECOND ST., PHILADA.

EDUCATIONAL.

PACKER INSTITUTE,
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Mrs. N. B. De Sanssure, for five years Assistant to the Lady Principal at Vassar College, will open the house No. 171 Joralemon Street, for the benefit of young ladies wishing to attend the sessions of the Packer Collegiate Institute, on or after September 15th, 1887.

In addition to the most approved sanitary conditions, and all modern improvements in heating and ventilation, the house presents superior advantages of location, being directly opposite the Institute, and within a few minutes walk of the Academy of Music, Historical Society Hall, the Mercantile Library, and leading churches of all denominations.

All household arrangements will be specially adapted to the maintenance of a quiet, orderly home life, and the furtherance of such arrangements as parents may desire to make for securing to their daughters the musical and literary advantages of the city.

Mr. H. E. Arnold, the well known pianist, will conduct the musical education of the young ladies, where no other preference exists.

Terms, $600 per year, for board and tuition in any class of the Packer Institute; payable, $300 at the opening of the year, and $300 in the following March. No deductions will be made for absence from any other cause than protracted illness.

Music, practice periods, sittings in church and expenses of laundry, involve extra charges, which will in no case exceed cost. Sheets, pillow-cases, blankets and counterpanes furnished by each scholar.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

REFERENCES:

T. J. BACKUS, LL. D., Packer Collegiate Institute.
REV. EDWARD LATHROP, D. D., Stamford, Ct.
BENSON J. LOSSING, L.L. D., Dover Plains, N. Y.
REV. J. RYLAND KENDRICK, LL. D., 44 Irving Place, N. Y.
Trustees of Vassar College.
Miss ABBY F. GOODSELL, Lady Principal of Vassar College.
PROF. MARIA MITCHELL, Vassar College.
PROF. W. S. DWIGHT, Vassar College.
PROF. I. C. COOLEY, Vassar College.
PROF. H. VAN INGEN, Vassar College.
MISSES BONNEY and DILLAYE, Ogonta, Pa.
REV. C. H. HALL, D. D., 197 Montague st., Brooklyn.
PROF. ROB'T R. RAYMOND, 123 Henry st., Brooklyn.
MR. WM. THAW, Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. WADE HAMPTON, Washington, D. C.
MR. W. P. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. H. L. HALLIDAY, Cairo, Ill.
MR. F. J. FELZER, Charlestown, South Carolina.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

180 SILK FRINGE, Hidden Name, Chromo, Easel & Fun Cards, Games, Verses, Songs, Scrap Pictures, Agt's Outfit & Ring, 10c. BLAKE & CO., Montowese, Conn.

WANAMAKER'S

Where is there another such a Dress Goods House as WANAMAKER'S, the largest in the world?

FOR TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES:
Nellessen's finest imported Broadcloth 54 in., $3 a yd.
Also of rare excellence (but not Nellessen's) 54 in, $2.75
Lighter weight, 54 inch, $2.50; 52 inch, $2.
In every delicate Autumn tint. No extra charge for steam sponging.

NEW FALL GOODS:
A varied line of $1 stuffs, neat, handsome, good.
Checks with plaid effect of silk hair-lines, $1.25.
Cashmere weave with variety of overplaids, $1.25.
Bouretie Plaids, cloth finish, $1.25.
Choicer stuffs, extra finishing, $1.50.

MEDIUM-PRICED DRESS MATERIALS:
Saxony Plaids, with armure figures of contrasting colors, 38 inch, 50 cents.
Self-colored broken Plaid, imported, 40 inch, 65c.
Same fabric and price, checks instead of plaids.
Serge, 38 inch, 65 cents.
Cauddah Cloth, with Serge effects, 38 inch, 50 cents.
French Foule, 42 inch, 75 cents.
Pebble weave suitings, imported, 40 inch, 75 cents.
For combination, imported Plush novelties, 18 in., 75c.
Two new Ribbons, all-silk Satin and Gros-Grain, known only by our special names.

BELMONT.		J. W.	
No. 2,	⅝in., 8c.	No. 2,	⅝in., 9c.
No. 3,	⅞in., 7c.	No. 3,	⅞in., 9c.
No. 5,	1in., 8c.	No. 5,	1 in., 11c.
No. 7,	1⅛in., 10c.	No. 7,	1⅛in., 14c.
No. 9,	1⅜in., 14c.	No. 9,	1⅜in., 17c.
No. 12,	1⅝in., 17c.	No. 12,	2 in., 20c.
		No. 14,	2⅜in., 24c.

8 lb. Blankets, 72x84in., $5.
Scarlet Blankets, $2.75 to $9.50; latter 9 lbs, extra large.

When you write for samples or goods, give us a hint that'll help our buyers to select wisely.

Send for the New Fall and Winter Catalogue. Now Ready.

JOHN WANAMAKER.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

If you

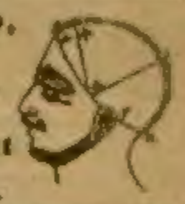
have abused your Stomach by eating or drinking too much, or of the wrong kind of food or liquid, you wi

suffer

because your Stomach is angry. Now beware of all temporary expedients. TRY that never-failing, safe Remedy, Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 5 boxes for $1 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philad'a.

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio

SECRET OF BEAUTY

BLOOM OF YOUTH

Every Lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to perfect beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin and other Blemishes, should lose no time in applying this old established and delightful Toilet preparation.

It will *immediately* obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

Depot 59 Barclay St., N. Y.

WHITE LILAC SOAP

The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

LAIRD'S WHITE LILAC TOILET SOAP is *refreshing* and *soothing* to the skin, leaving it beautifully *clear soft* and *smooth*.

Price, 20c. per Cake. Box 3 Cakes 50c.

Sent by Mail upon Receipt of Price.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers Everywhere.

Latest Fashion Phases.

As seasonable colors, various shades of moss-green seem to be preferred to any others. It is curious how regularly, as the season comes on, we turn again and again to moss-green. Why?

The truth is, that autumn or winter colors are not so many as those in vogue for spring and summer, and navy, browns and moss-greens are the staple of our stock for autumn and winter.

Now, to most complexions moss-greens and navy are more becoming than brown, and beyond this, brown toilettes are very expensive to maintain in good condition. We are all sick and tired of navy by the end of the sea-side season, so we adopt moss-green as our favorite autumn dress on our return to town.

There is something in brown which imperatively seems to call for a complete suit; a brown toilette entails a brown jacket, brown hat, brown gloves and brown stockings, and of all the darker colors brown seems to wear the least well.

A black hat looks very nice with moss-green or navy, and we do not feel so compelled to don a complete suit, but black and brown do not seem to agree so well together.

A toilet of faille in a rather light moss shade has a faille skirt draped in a very graceful manner on a silk foundation, which is edged with a pleated balayeuse of faille. It is mounted with extremely fine pleats in the centre of the front, where the material falls free, only slightly draped by rising the sides, which are much longer than the front, and are pleated up in a full mass to form butterfly pleats by way of paniers, arranged to fall very gracefully and richly. The back drapery is deeply pleated and puffed on the tournure.

The corsage has very short basques at the sides, which extend into a deep point in front and form a pleated postillion back. A large plastron is made by a piece of cream foulard printed with small red designs. It is full, gauged into the neck, and covers the greater part of the front until it suddenly tapers off into a sharp point. The upright collar is of faille, but there are no paremonts.

The hat is of black straw, with rather low crown and wide round brim just bound at the edge with velvet; the only trimming is a bunch of red flowers in front.

A similar costume is of darker moss-green vigogne. The skirt is arranged in wide flat pleats, falling smooth and straight. The tunic is simple and pretty, falling low on the right, but looped high on the left, where the end forms a pleating about 12 inches long adjoining a small panier, which fills the interval between the tablier and long back drapery.

The corsage is very pretty, with very short open basques, almost as short as a Figaro jacket, which extend into a little pleated tail at the back. The fronts are open with rounded corners, but the right front is pleated and extends from its rounded corner diagonally across the left front to the left shoulder, where it fastens near the collar. A tight-fitting waistcoat with much longer basques is visible below and in the opening of the fronts as far as the side-piece seams. It is of figured white and gold surah. The collar is of the figured surah, and frills of surah edge the tightly-fitting sleeves.

Grey-blues of rather dark hue are to be seen in innumerable silks and woolens, but as they are colors which fade easily, none but the rich employ them for ordinary wear.

A pretty toilette is made of blue-grey woolen material, spotted with steel-grey. The skirt is full, the tunic being also full and very simple, forming a long tablier on the right, and leaving the left of the skirt exposed.

The corsage is original. The left front, well-fitting, fastens up the centre to a fitted right front of lining; over this lining is a full floating front crossing over on the left and kept in place on the left shoulder beneath a band of blue velvet embroidered with steel beads, which continues down to the bust on the left, terminating in a point. The length and fulness of the lower part of the right front are caught up in pleats beneath this point, so that a kind of blouse is formed, kept within due bounds by festoons of steel beads which weigh down aggressive folds. There is no limit to the graceful eccentricities of corsages, especially those made of soft stuffs, and the draped fronts are very charming.

The Jean-Jacques costume is of ruby cloth, of exquisite tint, soft and rich, without being too bright or gaudy. The shape is of classical simplicity, without drapery or puff, so that the dress looks as pretty when the wearer is seated as when she stands, a fact which cannot be said of pleated dresses as a rule.

At the back the material is arranged in large box-pleats; while in front the right front crosses over the pleated left and is draped on the hip with a rich ornament of black silk passementerie. A band of passementerie to match edges the fronts, a kind of work made with Gobeline stitch either in black or a different shade of red silk.

The embroidery is very expensive and has to be specially made, so elegantes have to order their dresses betimes if they want to be first in the field.

The corsage is of very correct cut, trimmed with the embroidery, over which the Chasseur jacket is worn, made of the same cloth, open en chale with two large revers and fastened with enormous macerooms of passementerie. Nothing can be more elegant and becoming, suitable to almost any figure, for it improves faulty figures, and shows off the lines of a good one.

Metal embroideries are becoming very fashionable, in the form of braids, especially as cable threads and round cords. Gold or silver alone is considered a trifle loud, but together fashion has pronounced the effect most elegant.

Rich and effective it certainly is, but metal braids cannot be worn on all occasions, and cannot be recommended for walking dresses. To embroider panels and plastrons, however, their gorgeous beauty come in very opportunely for certain toilettes.

The esthetic turned-down frill of lace by way of collar, is coming in again for indoor costumes and evening dresses when a low neck is not necessary.

There is something very becoming to the face and head in the large pleated frill falling over the shoulders; it frames the head charmingly, and looks so picturesque.

The turned-down frill can also be made of muslin, etamine or soft silk, like tussore or surah. For instance, a blouse poloniase of plaid woollen material is draped over a pleated skirt, held at the waist by a pleated belt of surah. A deep fluted collar or pelerine of the same surah encircles the neck, which is slightly open in front. The paremonts or wristbands to the full sleeves are also of surah. The skirts are simply draped into a long tablier and puffed back drapery by a few pleats on each side and a few stitches at the back. The skirt is pleated; it is of the polonaise material or of surah, preferably of the woollen fabric of which the polonaise is made.

When light transparent dresses had to be laid aside, the petticoat of adrinople with Bulgarian embroidery was again adopted. It forms a famous transition, rough wear petticoat between the flimsy summer varieties and the wadded silk or satin jupons of the winter.

The adrinople petticoat is edged with a pleated balayeuse nearly covered by a full flounce of adrinople embroidered in blue and white cotton. Above this are more flounces separated by tucks, or tucks alone.

Under petticoats are being made of red or blue jersey stockingette, threaded with white stripes. At the edge are three rows of gold or silver braid.

Novel handkerchiefs are of white batiste, scalloped and worked all around with button-hole stitch in colored cotton. At one corner, near the edge, is appliqued a small shield of the same color as the cotton, on which is embroidered the monogram in white. They are extremely elegant and pretty.

Ladies of an economical turn are employing their light foulards and muslins of the past summer as evening dresses at their country houses for such occasions when a simple toilette is sufficient. A young married lady is employing in this way her dresses of figured muslin which she had made during the past season.

Odds and Ends.

VALUES OF DIFFERENT FOODS.

Beef.—Among all civilized people beef is regarded as the principal animal food. By common consent we admit that beef is more nutritious than any other kind of flesh. This universal opinion is supported by the investigations of science. There is a larger proportion of nutritious material in beef than in the flesh of the sheep or hog. Beef is of closer texture, and is fuller of red blood juices. It is richer in flavor than the flesh of any other domestic animal, and a smaller amount of it will satisfy hunger.

Veal is not nearly so nutritious as beef, and is much more difficult of digestion. Some persons are wholly unable to digest veal, and when they eat of it, it acts as a foreign body in the intestines, and causes griping and diarrhœa. It is more easy of digestion when well roasted or broiled than when boiled. The time required for the digestion of veal is five hours or more, while beef is digested in from two and a half to three hours.

Mutton.—This is more easily digested than beef, though in a healthy man no marked difference would be observed, since in the stomach of such a man there arises no inconvenience from the digestion of beef. However, mutton will be found to tax the stomach of the dyspeptic less than beef does, and mutton broth is both acceptable and valuable to a person suffering from dysentery or kindred affections of the bowels. But mutton is not so nutritious as beef.

Lamb.—This is not nearly so nutritious as mutton. The tissue is soft, gelatinous and rich in water. It is used principally on account of its delicacy of flavor, which, however, is very variable, depending upon the breed and nourishment. Lamb should not be selected for those whose digestive organs are weak.

Pork, Bacon and Ham.—As a rule, dried meats are more difficult of digestion than the same meats in the fresh state. Bacon and ham are, however, exceptions to this rule, for when well cured they are digested with more ease than fresh pork. In cold weather, nice bacon is especially suited for furnishing a large amount of heat by its oxidation in the body. The inhabitants of cold countries find fatty food necessary to their existance.

Fowl.—There is no bird that may not be eaten in case of necessity. In other words, the flesh of no bird is in itself poisonous. The same is true of the eggs of all birds. It is true that cases of poisoning from eating quail during the spring have occurred; but the poisoning was due to the bulbs of the mountain laurel, upon which the birds fed. The flesh of carnivorous birds is strong in odor and in taste, and would not form a tempting dish, save to one threatened with starvation. The light meats of birds are more easily digested, less rich in nitrogen and in flavor than dark meats. Chicken broth is more nutritious than that made of either mutton or beef, and is often of great value to the sick.

Fish.—Undoubtedly the flesh of some fish is poisonous. A fish is said to justify suspicion when it has attained a size unusual for one of its species. This popular idea may have a grain of truth in it. Fish should be discarded if the water in which it is being boiled blackens silver. The coloration is due to hydrogen sulphide (the gas of bad eggs), and indicates putrefactive changes. Decomposing fish has a pale look, and its belly is bluish. It is withered, sticky to the touch, and foul in odor. The seller sometimes tries to hide the evidence of decomposition by taking the eyeballs out and coloring the gills with blood. Fish caught from putrid water should not be eaten. Sometimes, near large manufacturing establishments where a great deal of refuse is thrown into the water, the fish are killed, and may be brought to market. The flesh of such fish is yellowish, soft, spongy, and of foul odor. Fish may be divided into those furnishing white and those furnishing red meats. Those of the former class, as the whitefish, are delicate and easy of digestion, while those of the second class are richer in nitrogen and more stimulating. Fish should not be left in the water after they are dead, but should be packed in ice. Fish should not be the chief flesh diet of a people, because it is not sufficiently stimulating. Indeed it is doubtful if any class of people would voluntarily confine themselves to such food. But the occasional use of fish forms a change which is both agreeable and beneficial. There is no truth in the popular idea that a fish diet is especially suited to the development of the brain and nervous system. Along with fish are often classed certain crustaceans, as the crab and lobster, and certain molluska, as the oyster and mussel. The oyster and mussel are gelatinous, but are easily masticated and digested. The lobster, crayfish, and crab are more muscular, and are somewhat more difficult of mastication and digestion. The nutritive value of the oyster is not very great, but its delicacy of flavor and ease of digestion make it of great value to all, especially to the sick. The raw oyster is probably more easily digested than the cooked.

It is related that a gentleman who was trying a horse in company with a jockey noticed, after having driven him a mile or two, that he pulled pretty hard, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, and the gentleman inquired, "Do you think it is just the horse for a lady to drive?" "Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say I shouldn't want to marry the woman who could drive that horse."

Confidential Correspondents.

MARY.—A lady should not accept too many presents from a gentleman, even if she is engaged to be married to him.

READER.—Perfumes are distilled from a large variety of flowers, herbs, roots, etc. The flowers most used for the purpose are the rose, orange, jasmine, jonquil, and tuberose.

DAUD.—"I have often heard that a person's character can be told by her handwriting. What kind of a character does mine indicate?" It indicates that you are rather precise and prim in your ways, and very fond of the good opinion of your friends.

ANILITIONS.—You cannot learn to speak from a book. Knowledge, a wide vocabulary obtained by much reading, and perfect self-forgetfulness—these things are needed by a speaker. If ever a young orator begins speechifying according to rules, he makes a fool of himself.

ELLA.—So long as the gentleman has not said anything about keeping company with you, you are under no obligation to him to refuse the attentions of other gentlemen, especially as he pays attention to another lady. You should do as you please, and let him do as he pleases. That will bring him to terms, if he really cares for you.

Y. Y.—We cannot tell how many books any individual could read in a year. You can read what you can; and it would be well to begin with some good history of America. You could then take up the biographies of distinguished men. By the time you had finished them, you could judge for yourself what it would be best for you to read next.

O. T. H.—You and your lady friend are both right to some extent. The fact is that people differ greatly as to what they require for happiness in domestic life, and every woman should try to carry out and realise her own ideas on this subject. If she adopts some other person's ideas, the probability is that she will find that they will not work to suit her.

DELAWARE.—An amendment merely changes the form of the original resolution, and if the resolution be lost all the amendments will fall with it, although they may have been carried. The same principle applies to an amendment to an amendment. Although carried, it is simply substituted for the original amendment, and falls with the original.

PERE.—Hugh of Lincoln was a boy of eight, said to have been stolen, tortured, and crucified by Jews in 1255. Eighteen of the wealthiest Jews of Lincoln were hanged for the part they were believed to have taken in the tragedy; and the boy was buried in state. The probability is that the crime had no existence save in the disordered brains of the fanatics who felt that they were doing good by baiting Jews.

F. A. H.—A man sixty-five years old is in the sixty-sixth year of his age; that is, he is then getting to be sixty-six years old. For instance, if he was born on August 1st., 1822, he was sixty-five years on August 1st., 1887. After that, every day that he lives is a day of his sixty-sixth year; and when he reaches his birthday on August 1st., 1888, his sixty-sixth year will be completed, and he will then begin on his sixty-seventh year.

CONTEST.—We must give you advice which may seem cruel. Your lover is evidently a young lady of enthusiastic temperament and strong will; she must attend to her duty—that is, she must go to confession regularly; you would be continually embroidered, and we gravely advise you to dissolve your engagement, as only unhappiness can come of it. We wish earnestly that the jarring of creeds were forgotten, but we are compelled to accept things as they are, and we therefore warn you in time to escape from contention and misery which are almost inevitable.

HORATIO.—The word extravagant means "to wander beyond." It comes from the Latin extra, which means beyond, and vagari, which means to wander. We have this Latin vagari in many words. We speak of the vagaries of the mind, which are wandering thoughts, and of vagrants, which are wandering vagabonds. The word erring also comes from a Latin word that means to go astray, to wander away. So that when Shakespeare called the ghost in "Hamlet" an "extravagant and erring" one he used the words in their precise etymological meaning.

J. T. S.—It would be proper for the bridegroom to wear a black diagonal frock-coat, or a cutaway, with rolling collar. The vest should not be cut low like a vest for a dress-suit. If he wears a white satin tie, it should not be tied in a bow-knot, but in sailor fashion. The groom's-man may wear similar attire, with a white lawn tie. As for the dress of the bride, she and her lady friends must settle that. It is, of course, proper for her to wear a traveling-suit if she is going away at once. The bridesmaid's dress should harmonize, as far as may be, with that worn by the bride, but is not, of course, expected to be so costly or elaborate.

STUDENT.—Different reasons are given by the commentators on the Bible to account for the fact that the Commandments are just ten in number, and neither more nor less. Some allege that ten is a holy or mystical number, comprising all that is essential in the subject to which it relates, and that the Ten Commandments signify the sum of divine revelation as to man's duty to God. Others say that in the nature of things there are ten fundamental facts or principles in a complete system of moral and religious government, and that it therefore took just ten commandments, no more and no less, to embody and express those fundamental principles.

SIMONISM.—Fourierism would divide mankind into associations or phalansteries, each to consist of four hundred families. These would live in one great edifice, in which would be contained workshops, studios, and every convenience for industry, pleasure and art. The property of the phalansteries would be divided into twelve parts, of which five would belong to labor, four to capital, and three to talent. Under its organization all waste land would be reclaimed and put under cultivation, and the comforts and enjoyments of the human race increased to a degree that even millionaires never dreamed of. But underlying these practical ideas are certain metaphysical subtleties. Fourier held that attraction and repulsion, which are the forces of the physical, also rule the mental world; that attractions are proportional to destinies, and that the desires, aptitudes, and inclinations of men, if they had free scope, would infallibly produce individual happiness. Experiments in Fourierism have been made both in France and America, but on a scale too limited for fair trial.